

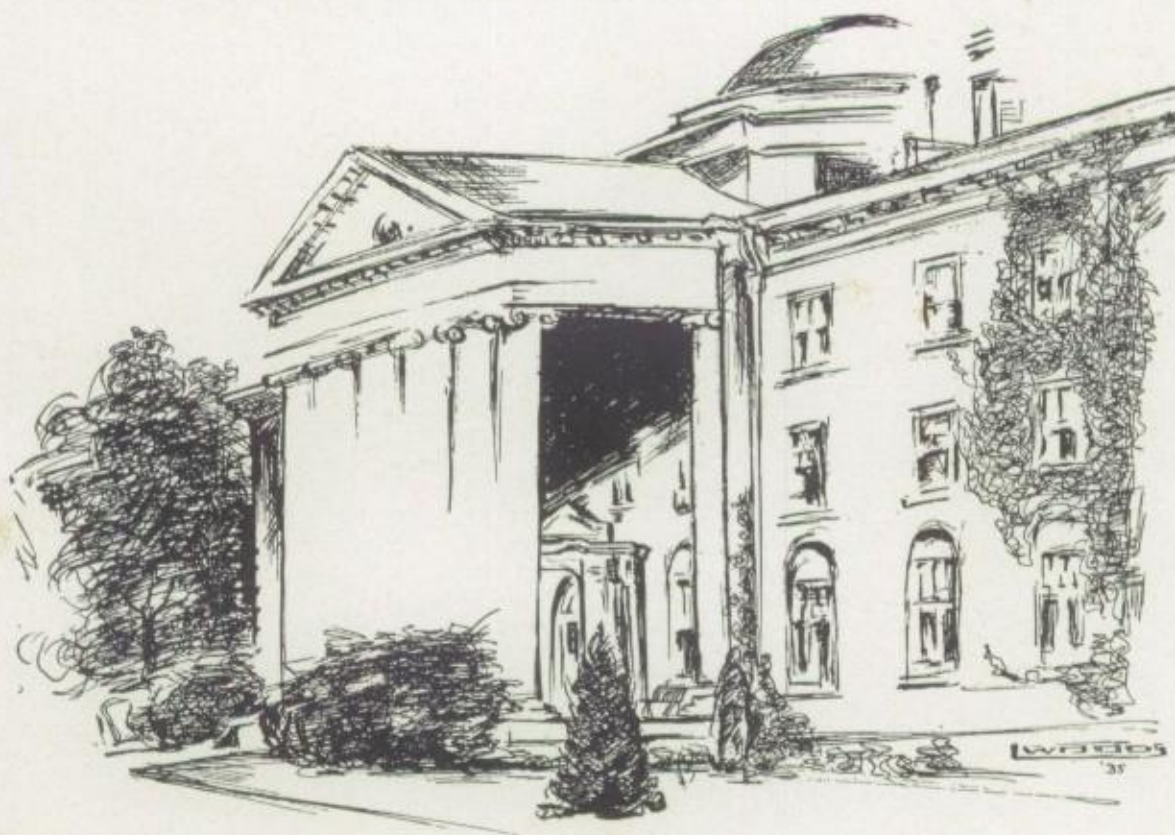
THE CHATHAMITE



1936

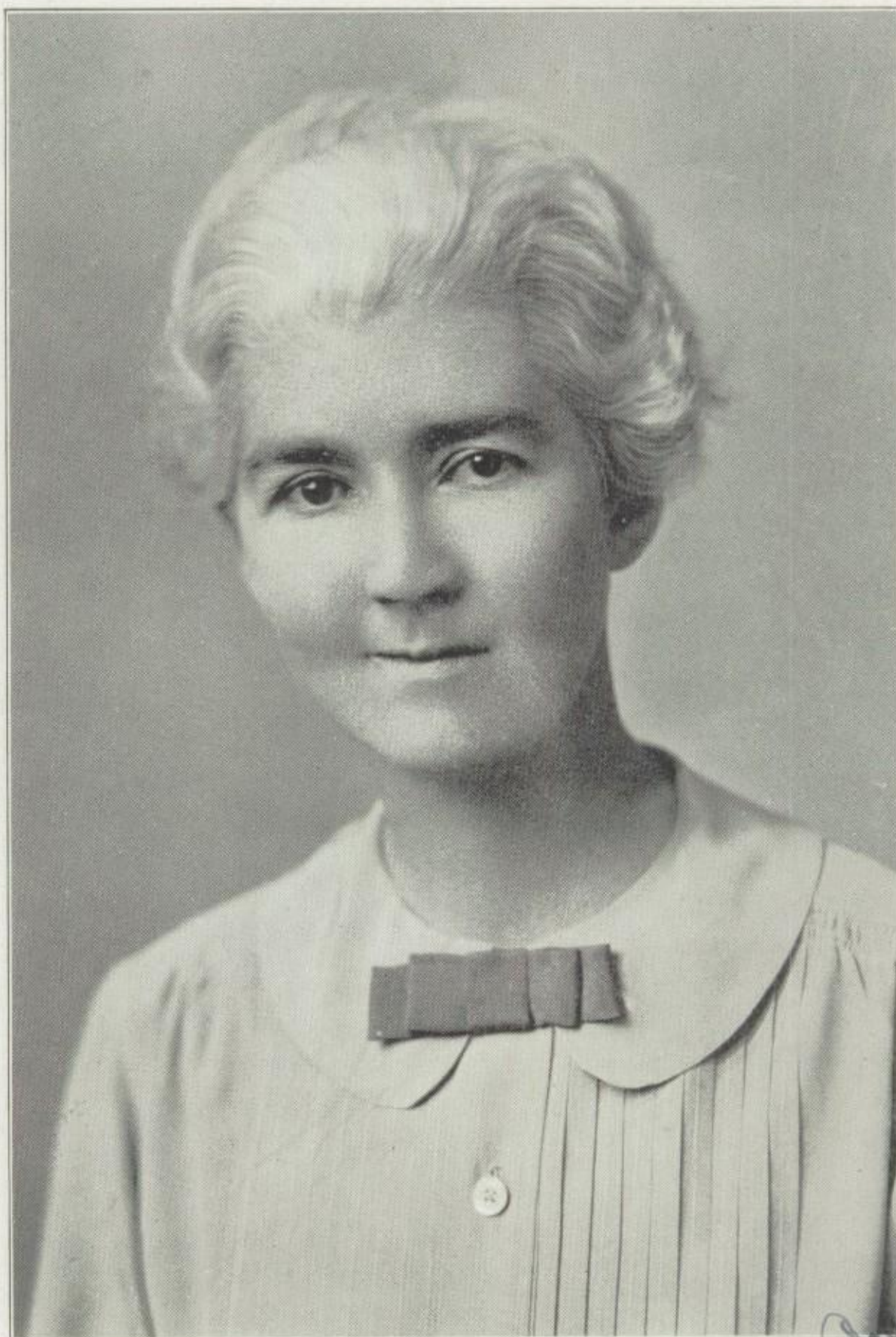
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The CHATHAMITE 1936



PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1936

CHATHAM HALL
CHATHAM - VIRGINIA

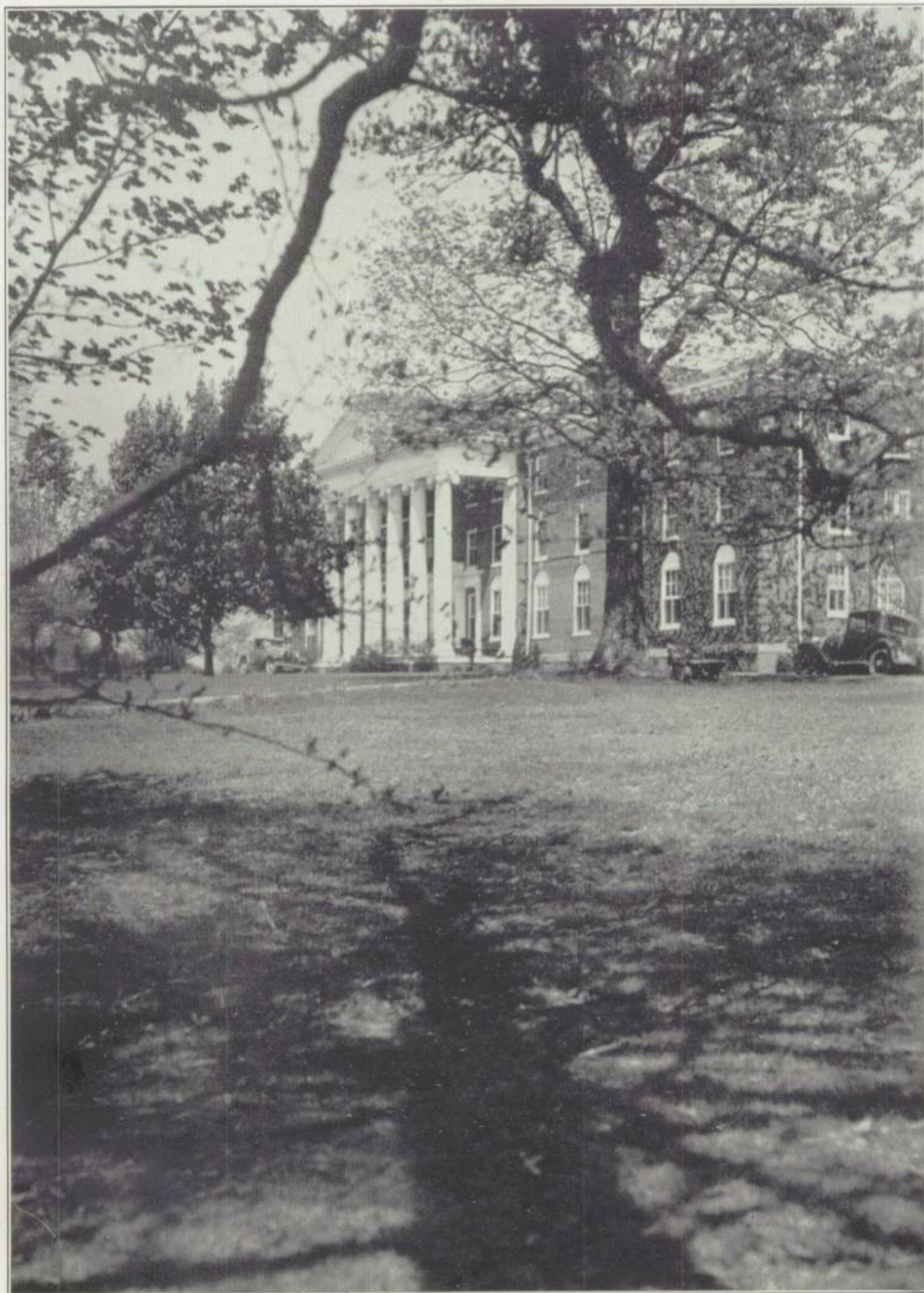


To

DOROTHY GRAY BALDWIN

*We dedicate this book in grateful appreciation of her understanding,
interest, and help throughout the years we have known her.*

Dorothy Gray Baldwin



THE CHATHAMITE



DR. EDMUND J. LEE

THE CHATHAMITE



FACULTY AND STAFF

EDMUND J. LEE, M.A., D.D.
Rector

MRS. EDMUND J. LEE

VIRGINIA HENRY HOLT, M.A.
*Dean
English*

NONA D. BRAY
History

LILLIAN HENSLEIGH, M.S.
Science

MARGARET C. HANNA, B.S.
French, Dancing

SALLY R. THOMPSON, M.A.
French

ELIZABETH SIMS, B.A.
Mathematics

CLARA LOVELAND, M.A.
Religious Education

ANNA A. ASGAARD, Ph.B., M.A.
English, German

HARRIET MONTAGUE, B.S.
English

VIRGINIA STEWART, M.A.
Latin

DOROTHY GRAY BALDWIN, B.A., B.S.
Librarian

KATHARINE MARSHALL, B.A.
Assistant Librarian, Mathematics

DOROTHY JONES
Home Economics

CLARA LEA COUSINS
Art

HOPE MILLER
Singing

PANSY ANDRUS
Piano

MARTHA SCHMID, B.A.
Assistant Piano

GAIL HODGMAN
Dramatics, English

KATRINA CORBIERE
Athletic Director

HILDA BOEHM
Assistant Athletic Director

EDWARD VERNON BRUSH
Business Manager

MARY CONOVER BRUSH
Registration Secretary

ANNA STEAD WARNOCK
Secretary

DORIS TAYLOR
Secretary

CORINNE D. DAVIS
Bookkeeper

DR. HENRY H. HAMMER
Physician

PEARL WILLIAMS
Resident Nurse

LAURA K. POAGUE
House Mother

LULU FELTS
Dietitian

ELIZABETH REID HERNDON
Laundry Superintendent

1 9 3 6 Clara Lea Cousins⁵

Wishing you success!

Dorothy Jones

Miss Poague

See you next year Miss Brush

est of everything to fear! Sally R. Thompson
Good luck always! Clara Loveland
Best wishes! Harriet Montague

Peggy Hanna

Nona D. Bray

Lillian Hensleigh

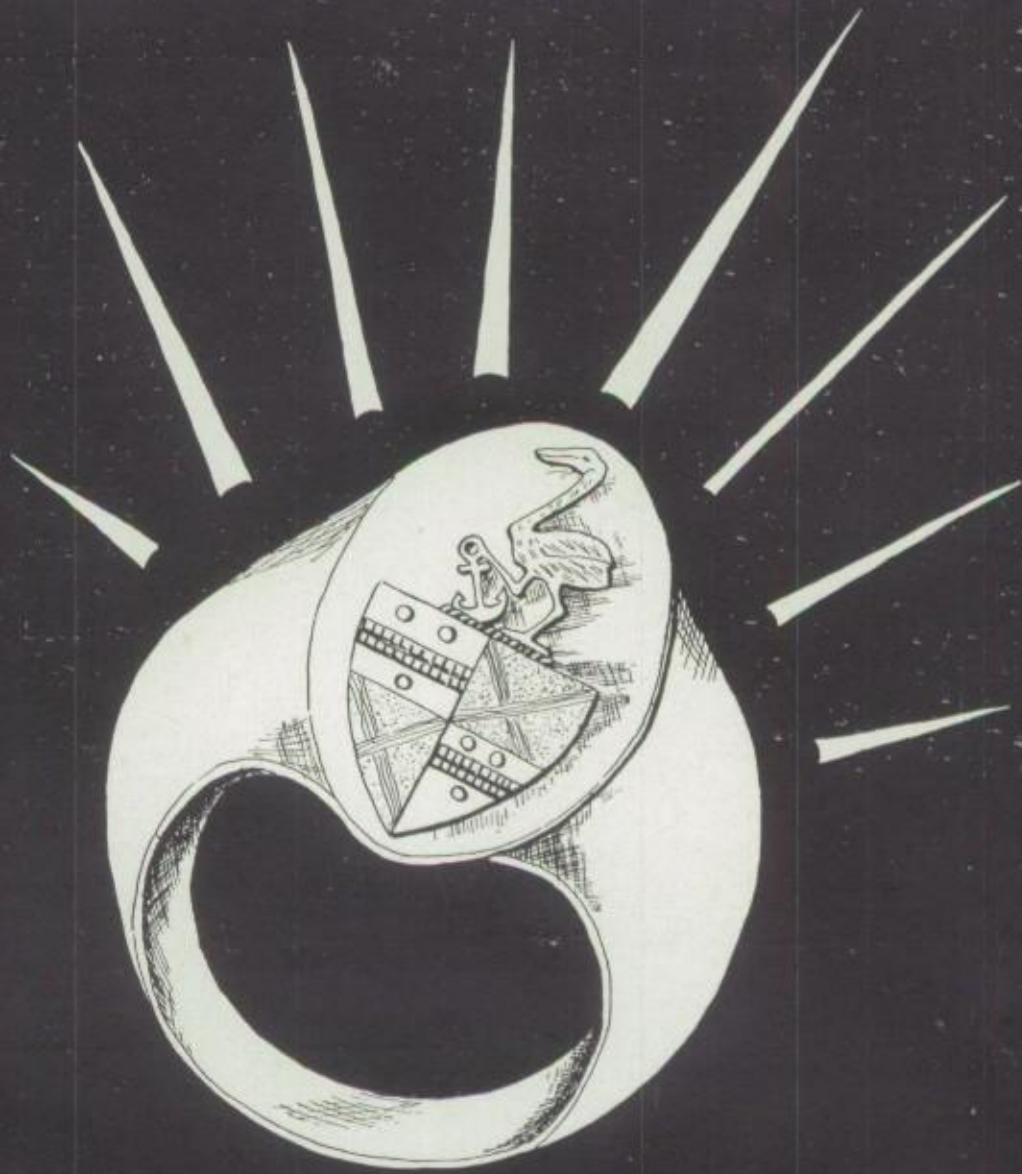
Elizabeth R. Herndon

THE CHATHAMITE



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SENIORS

J.B. CRUMP '36

THE CHATHAMITE

Stewart
in love,
It's been
short but
well looks
of week after
next year
and keep on
shining, you're
the best
Much
Love
Bess



EDITH KNEELAND

59 Jaggar Ave., Flushing, L. I., New York

Entered Fall, 1933; First Gold Basketball Team, 1934-35; Varsity Basketball Team, 1934-35; First Gold Soccer Team, 1934; Captain First Gold Soccer Team, 1935; Varsity Soccer Team, 1934-35; First Gold Hockey Team, 1934; Varsity Hockey Team, 1934; Second Gold Hockey Team, 1935; First Gold Hockey Team, 1936; First Gold Baseball Team, 1934-35; Varsity Baseball Team, 1934-35; Captain Gold Team, 1934-35; Vice-President Glee Club, 1933-34; President Glee Club, 1934-35; Glee Club, 1935-36; Dramatic Club, 1933-36; Choir, 1933-36; C. A. C., 1934-36; Dance Club, 1935-36; May Court, 1935; May Queen, 1936; Group Leader, 1934-35; Student Council, 1935; President Student Council, 1935-36.

"More is thy due than more than all can pay."

MARGARET WOODS

57 Park Avenue, Bronxville, New York

Entered Fall, 1934; Second Purple Baseball Team, 1935; First Purple Basketball Team, 1935; Second Purple Soccer Team, 1934; Captain First Purple Soccer Team, 1935; Varsity Soccer Team, 1935; Dramatic Association, 1935-36; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Art Club, 1935-36; Secretary and Treasurer Race Relations Department, 1935-36; Student Council, 1935-36; May Court, 1936; President Senior Class, 1935-36.

"Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns."

Spent your
much word - carry
on - I'll see you at
that train again
some day.
Love
Marg



at any writer
 you may find a full
 list. Keep it up. You.
 Love Mary

THE CHATHAMITE

CLARA MARGUERITE APPLEGATE

21 Franklin Place, Morristown, New Jersey

Entered Fall, 1933; Dramatic Club, 1933-36; Glee Club, 1933-36; Choir, 1935-36; Dance Club, 1936; Bird Club, 1935-36; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Temporary Student Council, 1935; Assistant Editor, *Chathamite* Magazine, 1934-36; Assistant Literary Editor, *Chathamite* Year Book, 1935-36; Group Leader, 1935-36; Chairman School Life Department, 1935-36; Literary Circle, 1935-36; Honor Roll, 1935-36; Second Purple Hockey Team, 1934; Second Purple Soccer Team, 1934-35; Second Purple Baseball Team, 1934; First Purple Baseball Team, 1935; Riding Tournament, 1935-36; May Court, 1936.

"There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity."



MARY CORNELIA APPLEGATE

214 Centennial Avenue
Sewickley, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall, 1934; Dramatic Club, 1934-35; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Art Club, 1935-36; Dance Club, 1936; First Gold Soccer Team, 1934-35; Varsity Soccer Team, 1935; First Gold Basketball Team, 1935; First Gold Hockey Team, 1935; Second Gold Hockey Team, 1936; Temporary Student Council, 1935; Head Marshall, 1935-36; May Court, 1936.

*"She that was ever fair and never proud,
 Had tongue at will, and yet was never
 loud."*

Good luck
 in the sewing class
 girls! you'll get
 there. Love,
 M. Applegate

THE CHATHAMITE

To a
swell fullback
Good luck.
There's a bigger
even better
things next
year.
Biddle - Bettie



FRANCES BIDDLE BETTLE

Gladwyn, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall, 1933; Dramatic Club, 1934-35; Dramatic Association, 1935-36; Bird Club, 1935-36; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Literary Circle, 1935-36; Second Gold Basketball Team, 1934; Second Gold Baseball Team, 1934; Second Gold Soccer Team, 1933; First Gold Baseball Team, 1935; First Gold Soccer Team, 1934-35; Varsity Soccer Team, 1934-35; Second Gold Hockey Team, 1934; First Gold Hockey Team, 1935-36; Varsity Hockey Team, 1935-36; Badminton Cup, 1935; Captain Gold Team, 1935-36; Vice-President Junior Class, 1934-35; Vice-President Senior Class, 1935-36; C. A. C., 1935-36; Group Leader, 1935-36; Assistant Editor *Chathamite* Magazine, 1934-35; Sports Editor *Chathamite* Year Book, 1935-36; Chairman Race Relations Department, 1935-36; Student Council, 1935-36.

"There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate."

MARY BENTLEY BOOTH

1350 Fifth Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio

Entered Fall, 1934; Second Gold Soccer Team, 1935; Temporary Student Council, 1935; Riding Club, 1936; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Choir, 1934-36; Glee Club, 1935-36; President Glee Club, 1935-36.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous, there is but one step."

Also fellow
cheer leader - Keep
up the yelling next year -
from Booth



THE CHATHAMITE

HELÈNE CAULDWELL BOSWORTH

314 Franklin Street, Denver, Colorado

Entered Fall, 1934; Art Club, 1935-36; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; First Gold Soccer Team, 1934-35; Second Gold Basketball Team, 1935; First Gold Hockey Team, 1935; Second Gold Hockey Team, 1936; Marshall, 1935-36.

"The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy."



*I certainly
don't agree
with you about
this awful
picture - but
none the less
the best of
luck -
Helène*

Branch



MARION ELIZABETH BRANCH

3a Amheres 71, Mexico, D. F.

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Purple Team; Glee Club, 1934; Dramatic Club, 1934-36; Dance Club, 1935-36; Library Proctor, 1935-36; Assistant Editor *Chathamite* Magazine, 1935-36; Assistant Literary Editor *Chathamite* Year Book, 1935-36; President Literary Circle, 1935-36; Honor Roll, 1934-36; Honors in English, 1934-35; Honors in French, 1934-35.

"Intellectual force is a principal element of the soul's life."

THE CHATHAMITE

Stew w' lars -

Wish I was
in your boots
coming back
next year -
hope you'll
have a
grand year
old kid -
lars always
Sibyl



SIBYL BALDWIN COATES

227 Windemere Ave., Wayne, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall, 1934; Second Purple Soccer Team, 1934; Second Purple Hockey Team, 1934-36; First Purple Soccer Team, 1935; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Art Club, 1935-36; Dance Club, 1935-36.

*"And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."*

FRANCES CARROLL CRUTE

Chatham, Virginia

Entered Fall, 1932; Second Purple Soccer Team, 1932-33; First Purple Soccer Team, 1934-35; Varsity Soccer Team, 1932; Varsity Soccer Team, 1935; Second Purple Hockey Team, 1934; First Purple Hockey Team, 1933, 1935-36; Varsity Hockey Team, 1933, 1935-36; Second Purple Basketball Team, 1933-34; First Purple Baseball Team, 1934-35; Varsity Baseball Team, 1935; Track Runner-Up, 1933; Track Tie for First, 1934.

Dearest old
Stew, what

a gal; what a

gal! Now, you got me! and

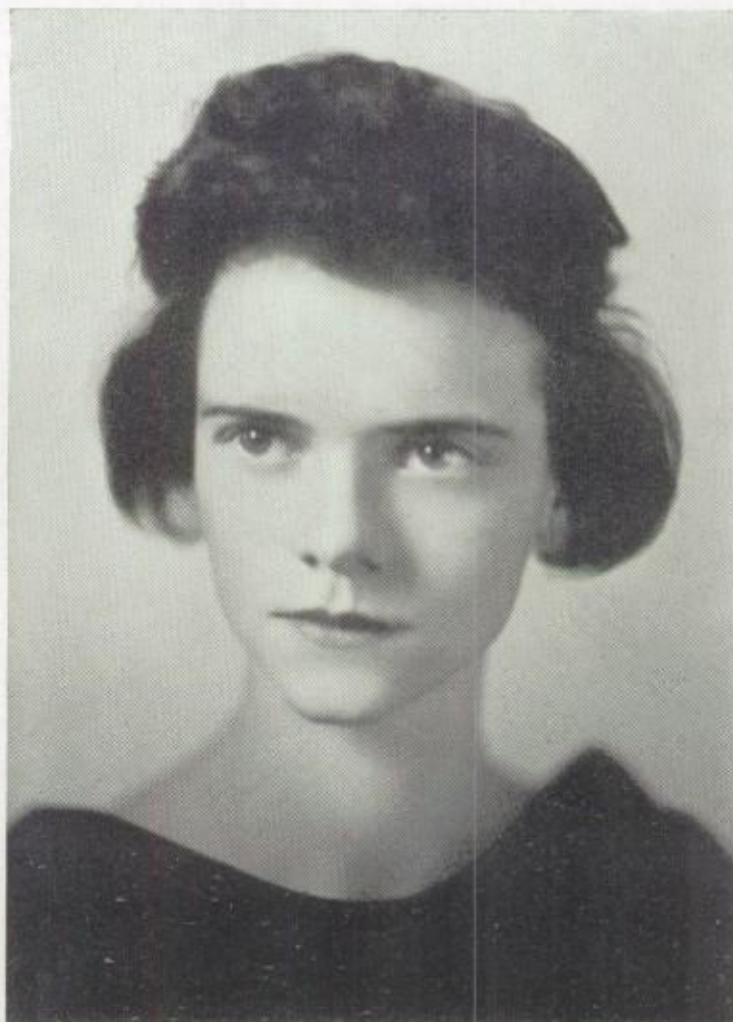
here we go! (If) you get

that at the banquet next year¹²

They'll make you president.

Loads o' my best desires,

Gertie



1 9 3 6

THE CHATHAMITE

KATHARINE HUNTINGTON DAY
114 East Ninetieth Street, New York City

Entered Fall, 1932; Second Purple Hockey Team, 1933; First Purple Soccer Team, 1935; Dramatic Club, 1934-36; Glee Club, 1933-36; Choir, 1935-36; Riding Club, 1933-36; Literary Circle, 1935-36; Dance Club, 1935; Group Leader, 1935-36; Treasurer Senior Class, 1935-36; Vice-President Student Council, 1935-36; First Lady of May Court, 1936.

"A faultless body and a blameless mind."



Ever so
much love
2's alert
knowing
you did
thing -
Kary



HELEN VIRGINIA DUKE
Henry, Marshall County, Illinois

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team; Dramatic Association, 1935-36; Temporary Student Council, 1935; Choir, 1935-36; Glee Club, 1935-36; Literary Circle, 1935-36; Honor Roll, 1935-36.

*"Sing again with your dear voice revealing
A tone of some world far from ours."*

Hello Ken - Cute
thing

I hope we can
get together the 20th.

Have a swell year, + lots
of luck to a grand girl.
Don't forget '36! Love - Duke

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ANN WEIR ELY
Old Lyme, Connecticut

Entered Fall, 1933; Second Gold Soccer Team, 1934; Captain Second Gold Soccer Team, 1935; Dramatic Club, 1933-36; Glee Club, 1933-36; Choir, 1935-36; Art Club, 1935-36; Literary Circle, 1935-36; Group Leader, 1935-36; Organizations Editor *Chathamite* Year Book, 1935-36.

*"On Life's vast ocean diverse'y we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the
gale."*

VIRGINIA FARR

248 Milburn Street, Rochester, New York

Entered Fall, 1932; Second Gold Hockey Team, 1932, 1935; First Gold Hockey Team, 1934; Second Gold Soccer Team, 1932-33, Captain, 1934, Varsity, 1934; Winner Golf Tournament, 1933; First Gold Basketball Team, 1933-35, Captain, 1933, Varsity, 1934; First Gold Baseball Team, 1934, Captain, 1935, Varsity, 1934-35; C. A. C., 1933-36; Dramatic Club Crew, 1933-36; Dramatic Club Stage Manager, 1935-36; Treasurer Gold Team, 1935-36; Business Editor *Chathamite* Year Book, 1935-36; Temporary Student Council, 1936.

*"Difficulties are things that show what
men are."*



THE CHATHAMITE

ALICE ELIZABETH FELTS

Galax, Virginia

Entered Fall, 1934; Glee Club, 1934-36; Choir, 1934-36; Music Club, 1934-35; Marshall, 1935-36; Astronomy Club, 1935-36.

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."



*Alice a careful
lot of love
Stewart -
Here's hoping
I'll see lots
of you in
the future
Bsky.*



PATRICIA GRANT

Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall, 1933; Treasurer Sophomore Class, 1933-34; Tennis Singles, 1934-35; Tennis Runner-up, 1935; First Gold Hockey Team, 1934-35; Varsity Hockey Team, 1935; Captain First Gold Hockey Team, 1936; First Gold Soccer Team, 1936; Varsity Soccer Team, 1936; Dramatic Club, 1934-36; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Temporary Student Council, 1935; C. A. C., 1934-35; President C. A. C., 1935-36; Riding Club, 1933-36; May Court, 1936.

*"In mirth that after no repenting
draws."*

*showing - how you - really -
and am going to meet you
possibly - yours all right
my darling - have a per-
fect life.*

All love -

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JANET WEDDERBURN GREGORY

LOUISE WATERMAN HERRICK
Ballston Spa, New York



I remember the noise
I used to make overhead
to keep you asleep.

THE CHATHAMITE

Hot
dog
love
Betsy

BETSY HAMMOND HOFFER

Douglasville, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall, 1934; Glee Club, 1934-35; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Music Club, 1935-36; Second Purple Baseball Team, 1935; First Purple Soccer Team, 1935; First Purple Hockey Team, 1935-36.

"Ah why should life all labour be?"



BARBARA FREEBORN HOYT

Cooperstown, New York

Entered Fall, 1934; Second Gold Soccer Team, 1934-35; First Gold Basketball Team, 1935; First Gold Baseball Team, 1935; First Gold Hockey Team, 1935; Varsity Hockey Team, 1935; Second Gold Hockey Team, 1936; Music Club, 1934-35; Secretary and Treasurer Music Club, 1935-36; Riding Club, 1936; President Astronomy Club, 1935-36.

"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."

Dear Steward - 25's born 2 will knowing you - 1935
1 9 3 6 6 love + luck for next year - keep up the good
work as Anna!
Barbara

THE CHATHAMITE



JEAN MYERS HOYT

Cooperstown, New York

Entered Fall, 1934; First Gold Hockey Team, 1935; Second Gold Baseball Team, 1935; First Gold Basketball Team, 1935; Second Gold Hockey Team, 1936; Social Secretary Art Club, 1935-36; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Riding Club, 1936.

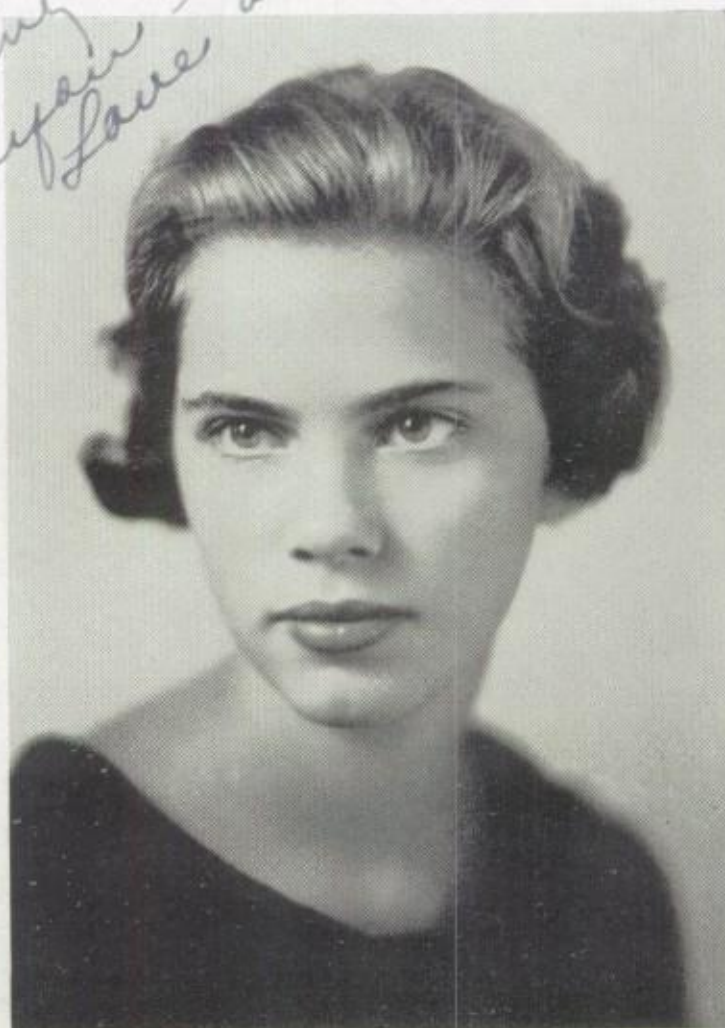
"They say we are almost as like as eggs."

HELEN ST. JULIEN MARSHALL

Halifax, Virginia

Entered Fall, 1935; Art Club, 1935-36; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Second Purple Soccer Team, 1935; Second Purple Hockey Team, 1936.

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."



Well "Astru"
 Arrationally though, it's been a grand year
 and even grander knowing you. Luck
 for the next one, and ever after -
 Love, Annie.

NANCY HENNINGHAM MEIER

502 Park Avenue, New York City

Entered Fall, 1934; Dramatic Club,
 1934-36; Glee Club, 1934-36; Choir,
 1934-36; Literary Circle, 1935-36;
 Group Leader, 1935-36.

*"Man's life is but a jest,
 A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor
 at the best."*



RUTH MARY PENFIELD

4302 Montrose Avenue, Montreal P., Canada

Entered Fall, 1934; Second Gold Hoc-
 key Team, 1935; Second Gold Soccer
 Team, 1935; Riding Tournament, 1935-
 36; Dramatic Club, 1934-36; Glee Club,
 1934-36; Choir, 1934-36; Music Club,
 1934-35; Honorary Member Music
 Club, 1935-36; Secretary and Treasurer
 Race Relations Department, 1934-35;
 Bird Club, 1935-36; Astronomy Club,
 1935-36; Dance Club, 1935-36; Literary
 Circle, 1935-36; Library Proctor, 1935;
 Group Leader, 1935-36; Vice-President
 and Secretary Glee Club, 1935-36; Sec-
 retary and Treasurer Art Club, 1935-
 36; Treasurer Service League, 1935-36;
 Associate Editor *Chathamite* Year Book,
 1935-36; Chairman Northfield League,
 1935-36; Student Council, 1935-36;
 Honors in Mathematics, 1934-35.

*"I follow up the quest
 Despite of Day and Night, and Death
 and Hell."*



grate for
 songs... I rap
 the interest
 and you will
 a wonder!
 with loads
 love
 Ruth Mary.

THE CHATHAMITE

Dear Sarah
I hope you
will like
me after
the basketball!!
you will be
in 1935
soon -
M
Sara



SARAH BREWSTER RAPALJE

Sheldon Acres, Oxford, New York

Entered Fall, 1933; Second Gold Hockey Team, 1934; Second Gold Baseball Team, 1935; Second Gold Basketball Team, 1935; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Dramatic Club, 1933-36; Literary Circle, 1935-36; Marshall, 1935-36; Group Leader, 1935-36; Temporary Student Council, 1936; Sports Editor *Chathamite* Year Book, 1935-36.

"Wit is the salt of conversation."

Best of luck and fun
to you, Stewart -
Prud

PRUDENCE CLEVELAND SMITH

9 Orchard Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island

Entered Fall, 1933; Second Gold Soccer Team, 1933; Temporary Student Council, 1935; Literary Circle, 1935-36; Group Leader, 1934-36; Mistress of Costumes Dramatic Association, 1935-36; Dance Club, 1936; Honor Roll, 1934-36; Assistant Literary Editor *Chathamite* Year Book, 1934-35; Editor-in-Chief *Chathamite* Year Book, 1935-36.

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."



To a cute girl
and a grand cheer leader
good luck next year.
Love Helen

THE CHATHAMITE

HELEN WICKHAM TAYLOR
Nanking, China

Entered Fall, 1935; Assistant Business Manager *Chathamite* Year Book, 1935-36; Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club, 1935-36; Literary Circle, 1935-36; Bird Club, 1936; Honor Roll, 1935-36; Student Council, 1936.

*"Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom
lodge
To prick and sting her."*



ELMINA REBECCA TILDEN
Winter Haven, Florida

Entered Fall, 1933; First Gold Baseball Team, 1934-35; Dramatic Club, 1933-36; Choir, 1933-36; Glee Club, 1934-36; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Literary Circle, 1935-36; President Dance Club, 1935-36; Group Leader, 1935-36; Chairman World Outlook Department, 1935-36.

*"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever
do
Nothing but that."*

*On with the dance!
Keep it up Stewart &
I hope to see a re-
cital next year. Love
Elmina*

THE CHATHAMITE



Dear Jean-
To a wonderful athlete
and I hope you make
all the varsities next year
Body

ANNE CARROLL VAN ALSTYNE
Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Gold
Team; Dramatic Club, 1934-36.

"These little things are great to little
man."



MARY FRANCES VAUGHAN
Galax, Virginia

Entered Fall, 1934; Glee Club, 1934-
36; Choir, 1935; Astronomy Club
1935-36.

"Your heart's desire be with you."

You couldn't
have been
and I'm going to
miss you oodles-
some and
I'll be waiting for
you grand he
will be to come
down "tear
in Galax
how always
Frank

THE CHATHAMITE



MARY CARY WILLCOX

Meadowbrooke, Norfolk, Virginia

Entered Fall, 1933; Dramatic Club, 1933 - 36; Substitute Group Leader, 1935 - 36; President Service League, 1935 - 36; Student Council, 1935-36; May Court, 1936.

*"Yet taught by time my heart has learn-
ed to glow
For others' good, and melt at others'
woe."*

*am packing &
can't think - sorry
8002
Mary Can.*

LUCRETIA WOODS

57 Park Avenue, Bronxville, New York

Entered Fall, 1934; Second Purple Baseball Team, 1935; Captain Second Purple Hockey Team, 1936; Astronomy Club, 1935-36; Dramatic Association, 1935-36; President Art Club, 1935-36; Art Editor *Chathamite* Year Book, 1935-36; Student Council, 1935-36; Maid of Honor of May Court, 1936.

"She was a mistress of her art."



*Listen the ol
god - I'll ge
at that one
someday -
480 newst
forget us all
home - I'll
real 480 it
Time - Bro
1238 - !!
Lotto 100
day. any
worse -
Love
Bro*

THE CHATHAMITE

SENIOR CLASS WILL

WE, the Class of '36, being only partially dressed, due to the recent craze for sun-bathing, and in a low frame of mind, due to our imminent departure from this, our most recent earthly dwelling place, do hereby make our most solemn will and testament, desiring that our general Senior privileges be given to the oncoming Juniors, and that the following personal bequests be effected:

Biddle Beettle, setting a last alarm clock under the study-hall floor, and regretfully lighting a last firecracker, leaves her Chatham Hall Past to Betty Zabriskie.

Clay, although dashing on her way to a dozen engagements, pauses long enough to bestow some of her efficiency on Woodle. She can spare it!

Pud, swaying from side to side, leaves her supple walk to Kassie Nimick.

Ely, with a prolonged shriek, wills her temperament—not her hair—to Flo Wardwell.

Helen Marshall hands over her figure to Mary Jane Hart. Hew to the line, Mary Jane, let the pounds fall where they may!

The Hoyts, trying to tell each other apart, give their independence of each other to the Osborns.

Betsy Hoffer, craning, leaves her turtle neck to Peggy Ward. Here's to more neck-action, Peggy!

Booty thankfully leaves her hip-bones to front Pruden—it always *has* needed a hat-rack—while Parge, with a sigh for her months of wasted effort, gives her tan to Pitney.

Frances Vaughan hands over her rogues' gallery to the younger sister. Let's keep it in the family, Margaret!

Ruth Mary, after rising from the depths just in time for a dance practice, leaves her ability to concentrate to Mary McClean McKissick.

Bunny leaves her faith in human nature to the school in general. It can use it!

Betsy Felts, in pantomime, bestows her volubility on P. K.

Andy gives her stature to Sarah Choate. Alice in Wonderland did it, Sarah!

Gina hands over her red shirt to the purple team. It's such a lovely combination!

Hélène, in a noble attempt to change Haavad to Harvurd, bequeathes her Denver drawl to Grinnell.

M'Apple leaves her neatness to Tuttle and Vale. But even that seems an under-quota!

'Mina, skipping Orion-like, leaves her fairy feet to Elizabeth Stokes.

Sadie joyfully hands over her teeth to Dykie—to help fill the aching void.

Mary Cary wills her "maouse," poor little thing, to Pruden—as if it didn't have enough already!

Helen Taylor leaves her happy memories of China to Dr. Lee to supplement his list of after-lecture stories.

Branch, cyasting a last regretful look in the mirror, decides that it's all for the best, and gives her hair to Baby Mitchell.

THE CHATHAMITE

Dukie, or as the case may be, Nanki Poo, wills her voice to Ginny Downing. From monotone to Met!

Janet Gregory, renouncing the lighter things of life with unnecessary emphasis, bequeaths her frivolity to Marion Cowles. It's a gift, Marion!

Bentley Booth, tossing her pretty bobbed head, resigns her yodel to Nancy Waters. But children *should* be seen and not heard!

Weezie gives her blasé acceptance of life in general to Jean Crispell. Let's see a little less enthusiasm, Jean!

Sibyl graciously wills her vitality to Hollister. Come on, Hollister, pep up!

Trishie, unable to repress an excited squeal at the last, leaves it to Frances Munson.

Kay Day, after raising her eyebrows carefully and finding that it's no use, hands them over to Rosie Stephenson. Now we can see them, Rosie!

Nanny Meier leaves her heavenly music to the Devotional Department. Harp! Harp! the larp!

No witnesses were available, for this, our will, but if there are no additions or corrections, we will consider it approved in the eyes of posterity.

CLASS PROPHECY

Dear Dr. Lee,

Thank you very much for the charming Christmas card you and Mrs. Lee sent me. I thought you might be interested to know of an amazing experience which occurred to me the other day. Imagine finding all of the Class of '36 in one place at one time and not all talking at once!

At the Metropolitan Opera House the other day I was attending a matinee performance of "Carmen," in which our most noted alumna, Helen Duke, sang the title role. She sang gloriously, but the girls were so excited at seeing each other again that poor Helen had a strong element with which to compete.

The first person who caught my eye was Mary Cary Willcox, entirely surrounded by a bevy of small Spanish urchins who compose one of her numerous Sunday school classes. Across the aisle to the left sat Prudence Smith with her rival class. In the row ahead was Mary Bentley Booth—she was wearing her tweeds. As you know, she is the champion hog-caller of Texas, having put her yodling to good effect. At an exciting moment in the second act, greatly stirred by Helen's melodious warbling, Mary Bentley emitted a yodel of great volume. Unfortunately, this created among the children of the two classes a serious disturbance, which was only quelled when a very neatly dressed young lady, whom I immediately recognized as our own Mary Applegate, stepped forward with a serene countenance and said, "My children, be still!" and they were.

During the intermission, as I made my way into the aisle, I stumbled over a tremendous obstruction. Looking up, I saw a young woman whom I recognized as Clara Applegate and realized that the idol of the Women's Clubs of Morristown had the well-remembered feet of Clay. Accompanying her was Hélène Bosworth, who

THE CHATHAMITE

had come east as a representative of the Prairie Mothers' Association of Denver to confer with Clara.

We walked up the aisle together, and in the lobby we ran into Kay Day, the beloved author of those influential books, "Priscilla and Pauline at Boarding School" or "Wild Life in the Dormitories." Our attention was attracted to a very mannishly dressed woman smoking a cigarette in a long holder, none other than Anne Ely. Suddenly the blasé expression left her face, and seizing a pencil, she began to scribble frantically on her cuff. Upon inquiry, we ascertained that she had just worked out a formula for a new highball.

Upon going back to my seat, I was almost enmeshed in what proved to be Bunny Kneeland's chewing gum. Bunny had fulfilled her ambition to be a social service worker and was now making her latest protégé feel at home by chewing gum at the opera. Shadowing Bunny I saw the meticulous Mary Applegate picking up the gum papers as Bunny let them fall.

I turned to avoid a fresh onslaught of chewing gum and saw in a box the noted *coiffeuse*, former Booty Woods, who is now married, as you know, to the illustrious beauty expert, Vorticelli of the Spitz. His jet black ringlets had been freshly curled that very morning by the devoted Booty.

As I thumbed through my program, I came upon the picture of a coming attraction of the skating season, "Little Andy of the Silver Skates." On the next page was an advertisement of the Waistcoat Tailleur. You will be delighted to hear that Mrs. Waistcoat is the erstwhile Sibyl Coates. The Waistcoat Tailleur has become well known through the clothes designed by Margaret Woods. Up to this time Parge's talent had been eclipsed by that of her twin. But "There is no point in hiding your light under a bushel," says Parge, and she is now the exclusive designer for the Hoyt twins. These two noted models were seated in a box displaying gowns for the cocktail hour.

When the lights were being dimmed, and the orchestra started tuning up for the third act, I noticed a familiar face beaming from the orchestra pit, and the figure of Nancy Meier twined gracefully around her harp. Now and then a wistful look came over Nancy's face, and strains of "The Volga Boatman" floated forth. The lights went down, and at the appearance of the toreador, I noticed a lovely woman ahead of me let down her hair and weep. I realized it was Betty Branch des Gonzales, bewailing the absence of her husband detained in Mexico during the bullfighting season.

At this moment I heard a commotion in the balcony, and turned around to see Gina Farr, wife of the famous Frank Duck, the big game hunter, accompanied by a pet gorilla, Keatsey. They were both wearing bow ties, and Gina was vainly attempting to appease Keatsey's commotion with animal crackers.

As my gaze traveled from balcony to box, I noticed a stealthy figure snooping around. It was none other than Mrs. Rapalje's little goil Sarah, the Walter Winchell of her day. The box behind which she stood contained the well-known Rotogravure belle, Trishie Grant, who had landed her millionaire and now appeared decked in

THE CHATHAMITE

sables and orchids. Beside her sat "Miss Albany," the bathing-beauty queen, but I penetrated her disguise and recognized Louise Herrick, who was sharing Trishie's box for the purpose of publicity. Suddenly Trishie's familiar giggle rang out as Janet Gregory, that arch anarchist, stood up to hurl a bomb at "Carmen"—poor Dukie! Janet had been foiled in an attempt the day before to harangue the rabble from a soap box, and had come to the Opera to wreak vengeance. However, remembering that she had never been able throw straight, even in baseball, she broke down, and was led weeping from the scene. What will Sarah's column tell tomorrow?

The performance was over and I arose to leave, but my progress up the aisle was retarded by the waltzing figure of Elmina Tilden, who has turned Bohemian and was wearing dangling earrings and a beret. She was putting into practice a new dance step which the opera had suggested to her.

In the emptying theatre, I was surprised to see Ruth Mary Penfield sitting alone, apparently in deep thought. I touched her on the shoulder, and with a start she said, "Could you tell me when this performance begins?" An explanation was needed, and she hastened to tell me that she had been concentrating on Helen Taylor, who was then engaged in cleaning up Chinatown, as it was the nearest she could get to home.

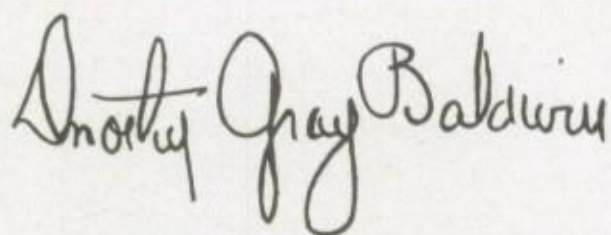
Going out into the lobby, I noticed that all the gentlemen were wearing hats which did not fit. This was due, I discovered, to the sweet, slow, Southern smile of the hat-check girl, Helen Marshall. Francis Vaughan was chatting with her, and I learned that she had come north to answer to the great demand of New York's debutantes to learn the Southern shag. She informed me that Betsy Felts was about to marry an Arctic explorer and that Frances Crute had finally married her Hargrave love, and was now "making men, not money."

Just then, a frantic figure rushed past me. It was Biddle-bettle, who had been going to a board meeting and could not figure out how in the world she got to the opera. Being a successful psychiatrist, she was sure the reason lay in her subconscious mind.

I was thrilled to have seen the class which I had sponsored in '36, but suddenly realized there was one person missing. The cry of "Cigarettes!" reached my ears, and turning around I beheld Betsy Hoffer balancing a tray of cigarettes and flashing a smile at prospective customers.

Knowing that you will be pleased to hear of the Class of '36, I send this on to you for what it is worth and hope that you will derive great pleasure from reading it aloud in assembly.

Faithfully yours,



(Agent of *The Eyes and Ears of the World*)

THE CHATHAMITE

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN—

- If Woodle were ever dressed for chapel?
- If all third Dabney ever got to breakfast on time?
- If the Vaughans didn't get any mail?
- If we picked only violets in the gyardin?
- If Gina wore ruffles?
- If the faculty paid attention in assembly?
- If Judy Fisher found her "Tinker"?
- If all third Pruden got a tub?
- If Clay lost her voice?
- If Eleanor Herrick "got the bird" or vice versa?
- If Caroline Boxley really saw a vampire?
- If Branch learned to face a mouse?
- If Edith Cowles developed reserve?
- If Betsy Hoffer said Y-E-S?
- If Viggi walked like Winlock?
- If Dizzy spoke the King's English?
- If Dykie were ever at a loss?
- If Ruth Frick stinted the Service League?
- If Gloria's hair turned Green?
- If Trout had a hook nose?
- If somebody imitated Kitty King?
- If Evelyn Byrd joined the army?
- If Kitty Hobson had a stiff neck?
- If Hollister arched her feet?
- If Motley tarnished?
- If there were only one Osborn?
- If Maisie were an idealist?
- If they didn't sell Wooley's in the book store?

THE CHATHAMITE

SENIOR ELECTIONS

Who has done most for Chatham.....	Edith Kneeland
Who has done most for the class.....	Margaret Woods
Most popular with students.....	Edith Kneeland
Most popular with teachers.....	Betty Branch
Brainiest.....	Betty Branch
Best athlete.....	Virginia Farr
Best looking.....	Mary Applegate
Cutest.....	Mary Cary Willcox
Best dressed.....	Patricia Grant
Most lady-like.....	Prudence Smith
Prettiest hair.....	Mary Applegate
Best figure.....	Sibyl Coates
Neatest.....	Mary Applegate
Most poised.....	Katharine Day
Most comical.....	Virginia Farr
Worst punster.....	Mary Bentley Booth
Most optimistic.....	Sarah Rapalje
Most pessimistic.....	Ann Ely
Most happy-go-lucky.....	Virginia Farr
Most original.....	Frances Bettie
Most versatile.....	Edith Kneeland
Wittiest.....	Sarah Rapalje
Most startling.....	Frances Bettie
Most interesting.....	Frances Bettie
Most generous.....	Helen Taylor and Patricia Grant
Most tactful.....	Edith Kneeland
Most thoughtful.....	Helen Taylor
Best sport.....	Virginia Farr
Pluckiest.....	Frances Crute
Most unselfish.....	Helen Taylor
Most ambitious.....	Elmina Tilden
Biggest loafer.....	Nancy Meirer
Most conscientious.....	Clara Applegate
Strongest will.....	Ruth Mary Penfield
Most stubborn.....	Ann Ely
Most energetic.....	Clara Applegate
Quickest thinker.....	Betty Branch and Ruth Mary Penfield
Most argumentative.....	Frances Bettie and Janet Gregory
Most sophisticated.....	Katharine Day
Most widely read.....	Betty Branch
Best singer.....	Helen Duke
Best actress.....	Edith Kneeland
Best dancer.....	Elmina Tilden
First to get married.....	Ann Ely

THE CHATHAMITE

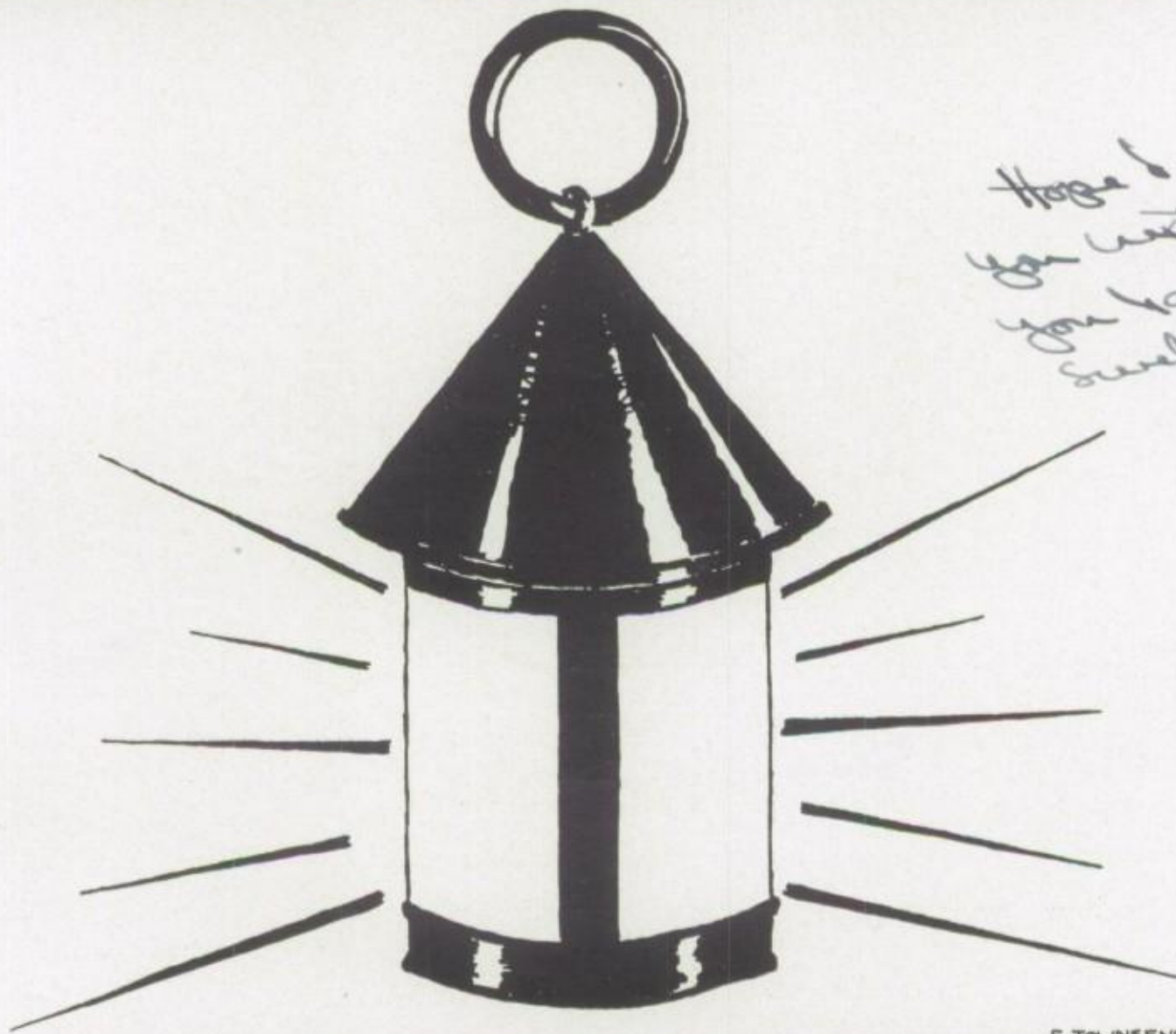
THINGS WE COULD NOT DO WITHOUT

Miss Schmid's happy hymns
Miss Asgaard's drooping digits
Miss Hodgman's dynamic dramatics
Miss Jones's turbulent tearoom
Miss Loveland's international interests
Miss Hensleigh's laughter at life
Miss Holt's vindication of Virginia vocabulary
Miss Montague's germinating geniuses
Miss Baldwni's room-order rhymes
Mrs. Cousins's majestic mien
Miss Miller's *Mikado*
Mrs. Felts's succulent suppers
Mrs. Warnock's amiable attitude
Miss Hanna's aromatic animal
Miss Stewart's ghastly golf
Mrs. Herndon's lily-white laundry
Miss Andrus's classical concerts
Miss Marshall's astronomical aspirations
Mrs. Poague's beloved boots
Mrs. Williams's Measlely Mansion
Miss Thompson's rabid red pencil
Miss Corbiere's eternal enthusiasm
Mrs. Bray's wonderful Williamsburg
Miss Boehm's widow's peak
Mith Thimth Math Clath

Perhaps this is referring to
me. It's lucky Mont didn't
let them and gave them to you.
Love and luck for next year,
Stewart — Sally

Post. Post.
and a food toss.
say you ever love
white flag
signature unnecessary

lots of lots of love story dear you've been
wonderful - magazines u' all
Jolly



Hope I see more of
you next year, Stewart
you have been so
swell this -
Jimmy W.

E. TOWNSEND-

JUNIORS

loads of love to a swell Chathamite. Also a
whole extra sentence to your cute dimples
love
Betsy W.

THE CHATHAMITE



JUNIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

President..... *Jane Gilderhouse* KITTY HOBSON
 Vice-President..... DOROTHY NALLE
 Secretary and Treasurer..... ELEANOR HERRICK
 Sponsor..... MISS BOEHM

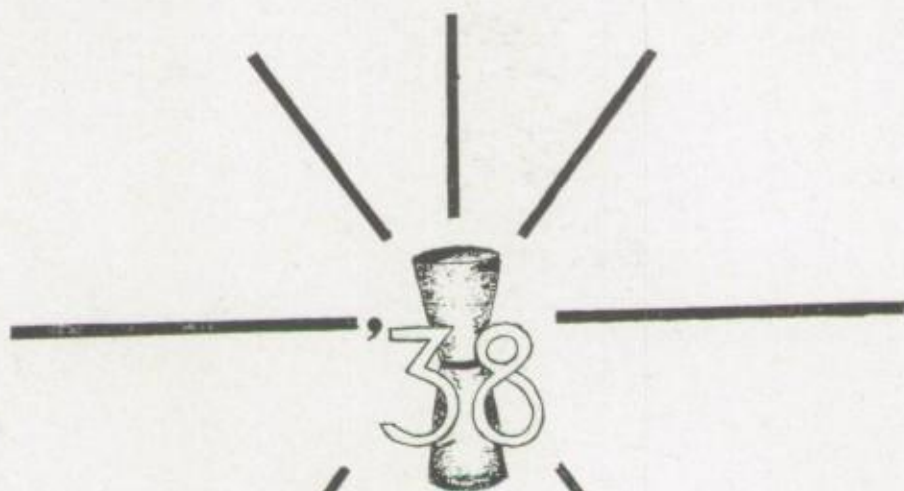
Sally Atwood
 Dorothy Bettie
 Olivia Birckhead
 *

Anne Bundy
 Laura Carey
 Mary Carter
 Jean Caulkins
 Eleanor Chandler
 Marian Cowles
 Jean Crump
 Lorna Crute
 Elizabeth Derrick
 Betty Disston
 Virginia Downing
 Isabel DuCharme
 Mary Dykema

Carol Erskine
 Sally Ferguson
 Ruth Frick
 Jane Gildersleeve
 Jane Goodwillie
 Gloria Green
 Barbara Grinnell
 Evelyn Byrd Henry
 Lucretia Houghteling
 Pauline Kingsland
 Kitty King McCready
 Elisa Mitchell
 Carroll Montgomery
 Anne Motley
 Frances Munson
 Natalie Munson
 Ann Orr

Phoebe Perry
 Mary Philbin
 Gertrude Potter
 Virginia Prout
 Eileen Pyle
 Gertrude Rose
 Betsy Rust
 Betty Thorp
 Emilie Townsend
 Marcia Tuttle
 Margaret Vaughan
 Virginia Ward
 Nancy Waters
 Virginia Williamson
 Barbara Winlock
 Adena Wright
 Betty Zabriskie

*Judy Butler: gone but not forgotten.



'37

'36

DOROTHY BETTE

SOPHOMORE

Have such a quiet time in
 study now - when we are all -
 write me this summer & tell me what
 THE CHATHAMITE you go to school -
 Fetch



SOPHOMORE CLASS

OFFICERS

President.....JULIA FORAKER
 Secretary and Treasurer.....MARTHA RIVINUS
 Sponsor.....MISS CORBIERE

MEMBERS

Susan Applegate
 Patricia Appleton
 Fredericka Berger
 Dorothea Berkeley
 Caroline Boxley
 Mary Eliza Brown
 Sarah Choate
 Sheila Clark
 Lydia Cobb
 Edith Cowles
 Virginia Danforth
 Louise Dorrance
 Marjorie Fletcher
 Belle Franklin

Mary Jane Hart
 Mary Hays
 Louise Herron
 Marguerite Hillman
 Alice Hollister
 Margaret Holt
 Marie Hulburd
 Louise Liggett
 Martha McIntosh
 Joan Morgan
 Carol Murray
 Lucy Neff

Kathleen Nimick
 Polly Pell
 Edith Porter
 Mary Skidmore
 Mary Sprague
 Helen Stephenson
 Jean Stewart
 Claire Streeter
 Ellen Vale
 Joanne Wallace
 Peggy Ward
 Florence Wardwell
 Pollie Winslow
 Virginia Witherow

Here to a highly
 English, history, and
 cooking parties (at the
 for this
 P.S. also a small article
 You best work
 Daisies and
 I guess most
 every other
 race
 free roads
 of love
 anyway
 Margaret
 all the varsities
 you need
 Stuart -
 I like
 Thanks for
 the ride
 from church
 It was a
 good ride!
 All m'louise
 to



FRESHMEN

Sally Atwood

Dear Stu -
 Here's to you -
 lots of it -
 love from Pit

THE CHATHAMITE

Try it at home some
 time. Looking forward
 to seeing you next year
 Soads & Love,
 Osborn



Dear Stu -
 Hope to see you
 soon! Love
 Doreen

Hi Stu -
 Here's to bigger
 and worse
 cheerleading
 Phyllis

FRESHMAN CLASS

OFFICERS

President.....MARY FOSTER PITNEY
 Vice-President.....PHYLLIS TENNEY
 Sponsor.....MISS HANNA

MEMBERS

Alice Blair
 Caroline Coté
 Jean Crispell
 Ann Donaldson
 Julia Fisher
 Frances Hathaway
 Janet Jamison Why not?

Mary McClean McKissick
 Anne Osborn
 Mary Osborn
 Helen Owsley
 Elizabeth Stokes
 Marcia Williams
 Margot Woodle

Spew you cute
 thing. I'll see
 you next year
 and I love
 love always
 mi

I hope to see you
 next year and to play
 you in tennis
 love
 Doreen

Dear Stu
 which
 with
 much
 love
 Laver

Dear Stu
 Here's hoping for
 grand Junior
 keep up the
 work! 1 year's
 good
 much love
 Caro!



THE CHATHAMITE



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The chief link between the students and faculty is the Student Council. Under the leadership of Edith Kneeland, it has developed and progressed notably this year and has greatly lessened the gap between "authority" and the will to keep within bounds. It maintains the school's honor and discipline and is an indispensable factor in the harmony of school life.

OFFICERS

President.....EDITH KNEELAND

Vice-President.....KATHARINE DAY

MEMBERS

Frances Bettie

Louise Herrick

Ruth Mary Penfield

Helen Taylor

Mary Cary Willcox

Lucretia Woods

Margaret Woods

THE CHATHAMITE



THE SERVICE LEAGUE

Following in the footsteps of last year's careful revision of the Service League, this year's organization has increased and strengthened the efficiency of the League tremendously. It is divided into the same number of departments, bearing the same titles and having the same functions as formerly, namely: Social Outlook (charity work in the neighborhood) under Barbara Winlock with Miss Hensleigh as its sponsor; World Outlook (to broaden our interests) under Elmina Tilden with Miss Loveland as sponsor; Race Relations (to create a more sympathetic feeling between ourselves and the races with which we come in contact) under Frances Bettie with Miss Holt as its sponsor; Devotional Department (to take charge of the chapel and to promote an interest in religion as a whole) under Dorothy Nalle with Miss Montague as its sponsor; and the School Life Department, which takes care of the picnics, parties, and general entertainments of school, under the direction of Clara Applegate and its sponsor, Mrs. Brush.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	MARY CARY WILLCOX
<i>Vice-President</i>	KITTY HOBSON
<i>Secretary</i>	ELEANOR HERRICK
<i>Treasurer</i>	RUTH MARY PENFIELD
<i>Sponsor</i>	MRS. LEE

CHAIRMEN OF DEPARTMENTS

Dorothy Nalle
Elmina Tilden

Clara Applegate

Frances Bettie
Barbara Winlock

THE CHATHAMITE



C. A. C.

Among the most important organizations of Chatham Hall is the Chatham Athletic Association. The members of its governing Council are the outstanding athletes in the school, not only in active athletic ability but also in sportsmanship, leadership, willingness, and coöperation. They help Miss Corbiere in the spring and fall sports, take charge of the pool or courts when necessary, and in general make the athletic cogs fit more smoothly and easily.

OFFICERS

President.....PATRICIA GRANT

Sponsor.....MISS CORBIERE

MEMBERS

Sally Atwood
Frances Bettle
Virginia Farr

Louise Herrick
Kitty Hobson
Edith Kneeland

Dorothy Nalle

THE CHATHAMITE



Here's To best
luck for next
year - love
Gloria

THE BIT AND SPUR CLUB

The Bit and Spur Club is now four years old and is one of the most important organizations of the school. Chatham Hall, being in Virginia, is interested in riding and under Mr. and Mrs. Brush's careful help and the interest of the riding club, many new riders have been turned into experienced horsewomen. Gloria Green is the President this year and she has given a great deal of her knowledge and assistance not only to the members of the club but to all the riders. In June the members of the club sponsor the Horse Show and for May Day they help produce a perfect "Drill" and "Tournament."

Many new members have been taken in this year not only on the basis of their skill in riding but also for their sportsmanship and willingness to coöperate, and we leave a number to carry on the steadily increasing interest and success, and for whom we wish a club and a president equally good.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	GLORIA GREEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	PATRICIA GRANT
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	SALLY ATWOOD
<i>Sponsor</i>	MR. BRUSH
<i>Honorary Member</i>	MRS. BRUSH

MEMBERS

Mary Bentley Booth
Katharine Day
Virginia Downing
Molly Hays
Alice Hollister

Barbara Hoyt
Jeanette Hoyt
Virginia Prout
Ellen Vale
Margot Woodle

THE CHATHAMITE

*If I was old thing,
I'd take care of the street cars
and don't show the washer
I'd love to see the
Ginney Road*



ACTING DRAMATIC CLUB



DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION



DANCE CLUB

THE CHATHAMITE

THE SHERWOOD DRAMATIC CLUB

This year the Dramatic Club has become not only a club for acting but also for training in costumes, scenery, and make-up. It has been divided into two different sections, the Acting Dramatic Club and the Dramatic Association. It has increased and improved amazingly under Miss Hodgman's supervision and Virginia Prout's leadership in the capacity of president. Many extremely well acted and well directed plays have afforded amusement for the whole school, for families, and, at times, for the townspeople. Among the principal plays of the year were Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" and the Commencement play, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife."

THE DANCE CLUB

The Dance Club is an entirely new experiment and in one year has developed so quickly that it must forever remain an institution of Chatham Hall. It has produced under the management and imagination of Miss Hanna two wonderful recitals. The first was a series of disconnected, interpretive dances beautifully arranged. The second was the story of "The White Peacock," written and directed by Elmina Tilden, the President of the club, with Kitty King McCready as the peacock itself. Both recitals were thrilling, well costumed, lighted, and produced; and we hope that next year will continue this organization and carry on its interesting work.

THE SHERWOOD DRAMATIC CLUB

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA PROUT
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	HELEN TAYLOR
<i>Sponsor</i>	MISS HODGMAN

MEMBERS OF THE ACTING DRAMATIC CLUB

Clara Applegate	Julia Foraker	Ann Motley
Mary Bentley Booth	Patricia Grant	Dorothy Nalle
Caroline Boxley	Janet Gregory	Ruth Mary Penfield
Betty Branch	Barbara Grinnell	Gertrude Potter
Sarah Choate	Mary Jane Hart	Ann Orr
Marian Cowles	Edith Kneeland	Elmina Tilden
Virginia Danforth	Louise Liggett	Elizabeth Warriner
Elizabeth Derrick	Kitty King McCready	Mary Cary Willcox
Elizabeth Disston	Martha McIntosh	Marcia Williams
Isabel DuCharme	Nancy Meier	Virginia Williamson
Ann Ely		Ann Van Alstyne
Marjorie Fletcher		Betty Zabriskie

THE CHATHAMITE

MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

Crew

Virginia Farr
Sally Atwood
Helen Duke
Ruth Frick
Kitty Hobson
Ann Orr
Polly Pell
Maisie Philbin
Emilie Townsend

Costuming

Prudence Smith
Jean Caulkins
Carolyn Cote
Alice Hollister
Martha McIntosh
Elisa Mitchell
Joan Morgan
Kathleen Nimick
Sarah Rapalje
Phyllis Tenney
Lucretia Woods
Margaret Woods

Make-up

Natalie Munson
Evelyn Byrd Henry
Eleanor Herrick
Gertrude Potter
Gertrude Rose

Lighting

Phoebe Perry
Ann Donaldson
Virginia Downing
Belle Franklin
Helen Taylor

THE DANCE CLUB

OFFICERS

President ELMINA TILDEN
Vice-President KITTY KING MCCREADY
Sponsor MISS HANNA

MEMBERS

Clara Applegate
Mary Applegate
Olivia Birkhead
Betty Branch
Ann Bundy
Laura Carey
Sibyl Coates
Jean Crump
Virginia Danforth
Julia Foraker
Janet Jamison

Edith Kneeland
Elisa Mitchell
Ann Motley
Phoebe Perry
Ruth Mary Penfield
Mary Foster Pitney
Gertrude Potter
Virginia Prout
Prudence Smith
Jean Stewart
Phyllis Tenney

Betty Zabriskie

THE CHATHAMITE



THE CHOIR

Under Miss Andrus's magic direction the choir has become an increasingly vital part of the school. This year it has done a great deal of fine work, as for instance, a pageant with carols at Christmas. During the course of the year, the members have learned many new hymns, anthems, and chants. At both Christmas and Easter appropriate hymns or carols were sung through the halls of Dabney and Pruden, as an evening vespers and a morning matins.

MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR

Clara Applegate
Dolly Berkeley
Dorothy Bettie
Mary Bentley Booth
Virginia Danforth
Katharine Day
Elizabeth Disston
Louise Dorrance
Helen Duke
Betsy Felts
Jane Gildersleeve
Janet Gregory
Louise Herron

Edith Kneeland
Kitty King McCreedy
Nancy Meier
Elisa Mitchell
Natalie Munson
Ruth Mary Penfield
Gertrude Potter
Virginia Prout
Julia Rogers
Mary Skidmore
Elmina Tilden
Frances Vaughan
Margaret Vaughan

Betty Zabriskie



THE GLEE CLUB

Last year there was no Glee Club and the Choir presented the operetta, but this year Miss Hope Miller undertook to organize a real glee association and has succeeded remarkably. She conducted a concert during the first term and presented Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" during the second, each of which was a notable success. The President is Mary Bentley Booth who has upheld the business end of the club admirably.

MEMBERS OF THE GLEE CLUB

Clara Applegate
Dolly Berkeley
Dorothy Bettle
Mary Bentley Booth
Edith Cowles
Virginia Danforth
Katharine Day
Louise Dorrance
Helen Duke
Ann Ely
Carol Erskine

Betsy Felts
Jane Gildersleeve
Janet Gregory
Louise Herron
Katherine Hobson
Edith Kneeland
Louise Liggett
Kitty King McCready
Nancy Meier
Elisa Mitchell

Natalie Munson
Ruth Mary Penfield
Gertrude Potter
Virginia Prout
Mary Skidmore
Mary Sprague
Elmina Tilden
Frances Vaughan
Margaret Vaughan
Adena Wright
Betty Zabriskie

THE CHATHAMITE

DISCUSSION GROUPS

The discussion groups have become a permanent part of the school life owing to their success in the past two years. They give and take earnest thought on both the part of the leaders and that of the groups. These groups are held on one Sunday each month and are given over to discussing topics that affect everyone in some way as Christians and as individual people. Mrs. Lee helps the leaders formulate their own ideas and plans of putting forth the subject and they in turn present it to their groups for consideration and discussion. It is not compulsory to belong to these groups but this year no one has withdrawn.

LEADERS

Clara Applegate
Sally Atwood
Frances Bettie
Katharine Day
Ann Ely

Janet Gregory
Nancy Meier
Ruth Mary Penfield
Sarah Rapalje
Prudence Smith

Elmina Tilden

THE MARSHALS

Marshals, the new addition to our disciplinary forces, have created for themselves a lasting position in the school. Their duties are to see that general order is maintained, to preserve an orderly appearance in study hall, and to act as ushers during entertainments in Willis Hall.

MEMBERS

Head Marshall, Mary Applegate

Helene Bosworth
Betsy Felts
Patricia Grant

Frances Munson
Sarah Rapalje
Gertrude Rose

THE CHATHAMITE

CLUBS

LITERARY CIRCLE

This club, organized purely for pleasure, is for the purpose of reading aloud favorite essays, stories, and poems so that different opinions and tastes may be disclosed. Miss Holt is the Sponsor and Betty Branch, the President, and between them they have chosen many thrilling, "spooky," and amusing masterpieces of literature.

THE BIRD CLUB

Eleanor Herrick is the President and leader of this club. She has done some very fine work in the study of birds and has done much to promote a real interest in them and their habits. This last year the organization has grown greatly and has learned much from its "bird walks."

THE ART CLUB

The Art Club is a new organization this year and, although it has not had much opportunity to display the talent of its members or to grow very much, it has made a good beginning. Lucretia Woods as president and Mrs. Cousins as sponsor did much to stimulate effort towards the drawing of plates for the Year Book.

THE ASTRONOMY CLUB

Barbara Hoyt is the capable President and under Miss Marshall's guiding hand she supervises star-gazing on clear nights. This is lots of fun and is a very interesting form of study.

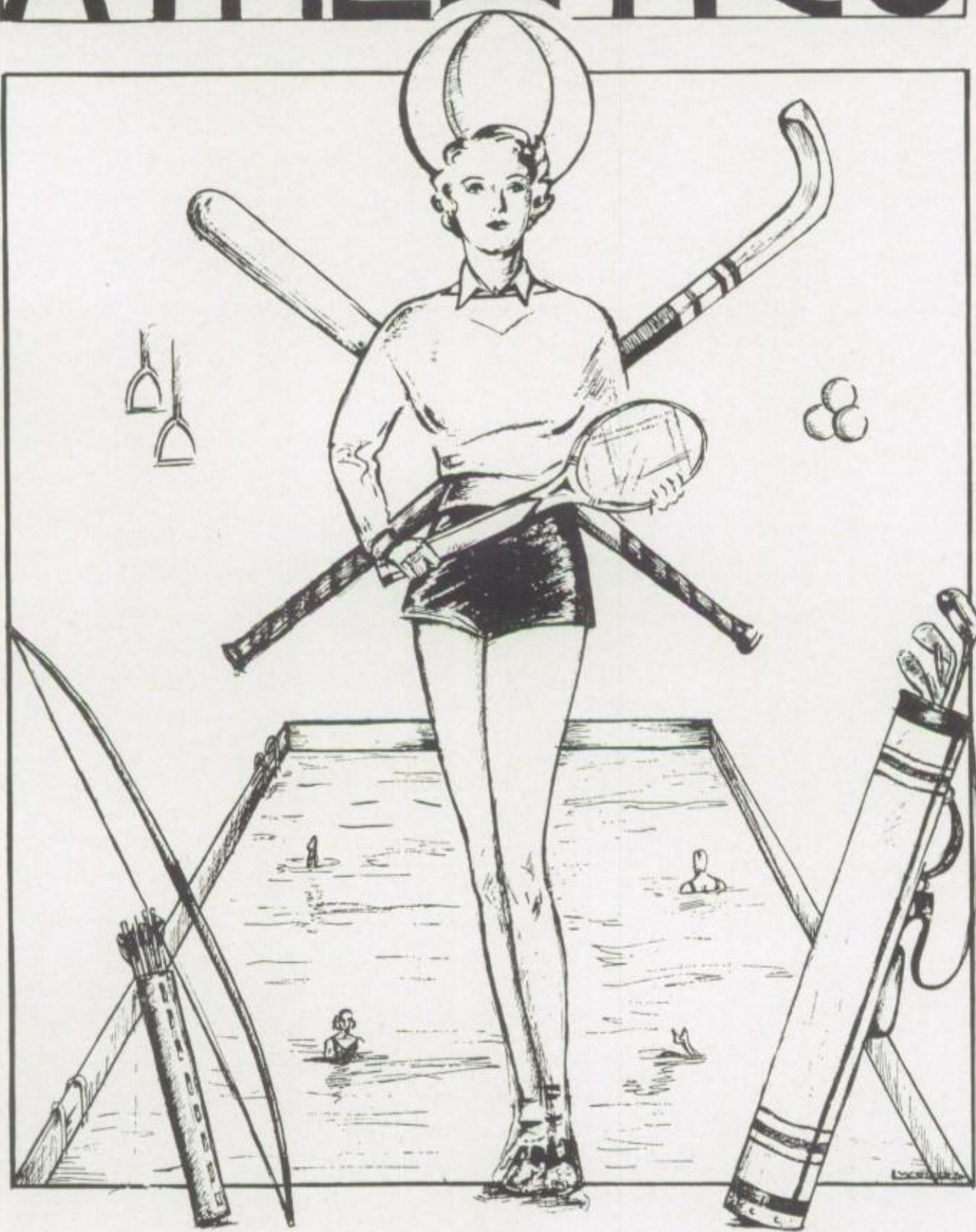
THE MUSIC CLUB

With Miss Andrus as sponsor and Virginia Danforth as president the Music Club is most successful. There are formal and informal meetings at which the various members show their talents at the piano, and to which occasionally visitors are invited and tea is served.

THE CAMERA CLUB

Phoebe Perry is the President this year and she has arranged several well balanced charts of photographs on the bulletin board from which we could choose the pictures which most appealed to us. Thus we preserve Chatham Hall, its familiar faces, and its lovely grounds.

ATHLETICS





WINNER and RUNNER-UP
of
TENNIS TOURNAMENT



WINNERS of DOUBLES
TENNIS TOURNAMENT



VARSITY SOCCER TEAM



WINNER and RUNNER-UP
of
GOLF TOURNAMENT



WINNER and RUNNER-UP
of



VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM

SPORTS OF 1936

THE first sporting event of 1935-36 was held in the early fall. This was the Funny Swimming Meet, a contest between the Purple and Gold senses of humor. The Golds laughed so hard at the Purples that they neglected their own humor with the result that the Purples won and the Golds gallantly rewarded them with a Hallowe'en Party.

Next came the archery tournament on November sixth. Ruth Frick won first place for the Golds and Helen Taylor, also a Gold, was runner-up. The golf tournament, which took place on the same day, was attended by a large gallery, dogs included, to watch the Bobby-Jones-like play of Kitty Hobson and Louise Herrick. After a close game Kitty who had continually played below par won with a score of 35—winning the second Purple victory of the year. Eagles and birdies were made by both players and there were many breathless moments. Tommy broke loose at the crucial put, but he was ruthlessly caught by Miss Stewart and the day was saved.

On a freezing day in early November Chatham Hall shivered out to watch some brilliant tennis by Grant and Atwood, final contestants in the singles matches. Spectacular playing by both prolonged the game in a succession of ties, but finally Sally, a Purple, conquered and we all trooped in to partake of ice cream. The A doubles were won by Motley and Atwood, again Purples, against their Gold opponents, Grant and Biddle-Bettle; the B singles, by Appleton, a Gold, with Crute, runner-up; and the C singles, by Pitney, a Purple, with Willcox, runner-up.

So we ended the early fall sports and started soccer. Often it was muddy, but we struggled on. Finally the big day of the team games came. The Golds walked off with the second team honors, but the first team game was a tie. Two extra quarters were added and it was still a tie. Afternoon was growing into evening and the end of the game was drawing near when Stevie, panic-stricken, appeared between the Gold goal posts with a White Flag, rendering powerless the onrushing Purples, enabling the Golds to remove the ball to safety, and the score remained a tie.

Between the snow and the rain we managed a day or two of hockey practice before the final games, on March twenty-fifth. Miss Corbiere prayed so fervently over the field that the mud thinned down to only an inch or two, while the gallant teams fought bravely. The Purples won the first team game and the Golds, the second—and everyone was happy.

We must not neglect to mention Chatham Hall's outstanding sport of the Winter Term, walking in the rain, which we have learned to do rather well for a secondary school.

Now we must go to press before the spring sports begin. These include basketball, baseball, tennis, swimming, archery, golf, and badminton. Which will be the winning team is not even a matter of conjecture now—the evenness of the two teams' abilities as thus far shown is too great. But may the best team win!

THE CHATHAMITE



THE MAY COURT

Queen EDITH KNEELAND

Maid of Honor LUCRETIA WOODS

COURT LADIES

Katharine Day
Clara Applegate
Mary Applegate
Patricia Grant

Louise Herrick
Dorothy Nalle
Mary Cary Willcox
Margaret Woods

THE TOURNAMENT

Winner, Sally Atwood

PURPLE TEAM

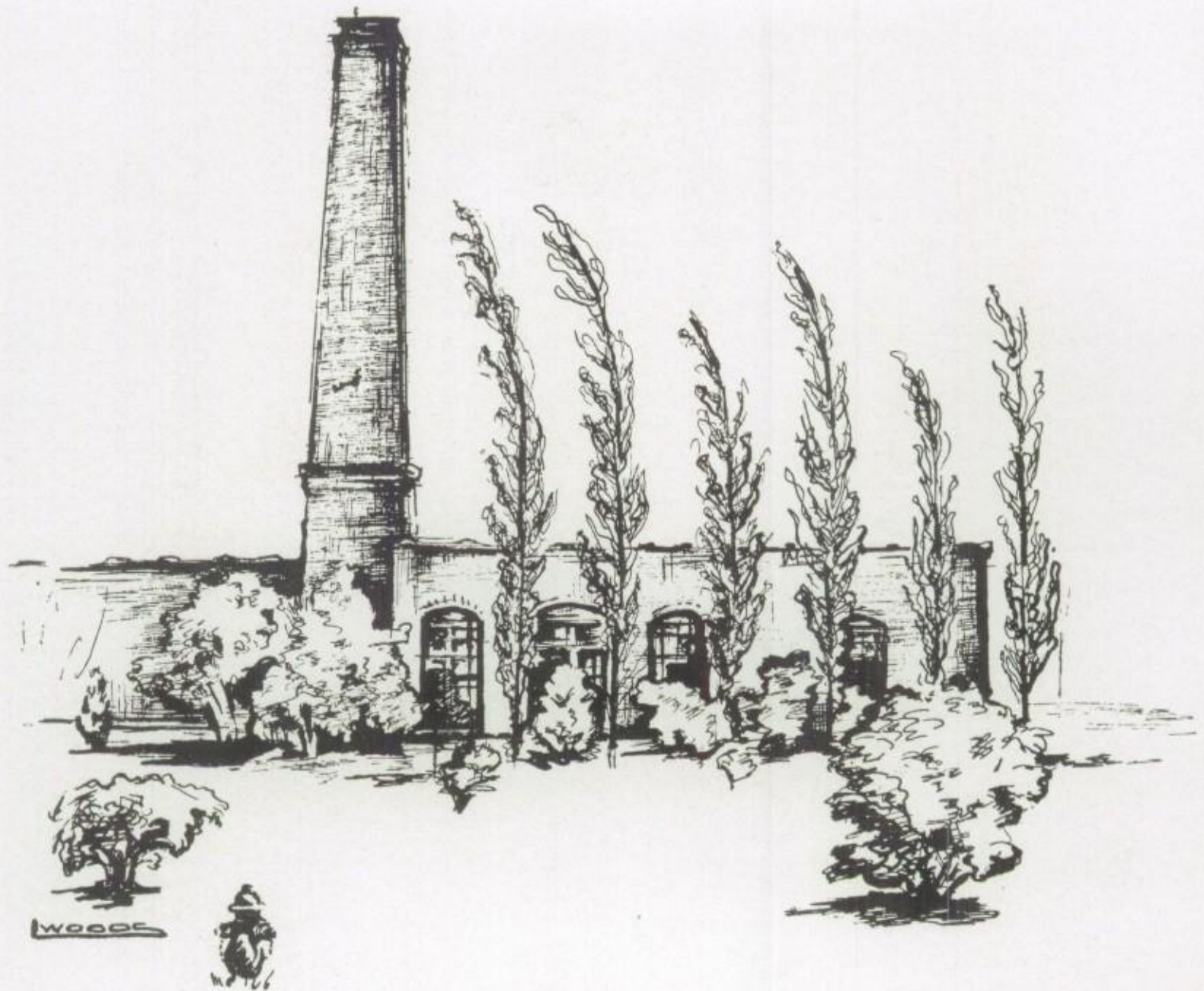
Sally Atwood, *Captain*
Clara Applegate
Gloria Green
Ellen Vale
Barbara Winlock

GOLD TEAM

Margot Woodle, *Captain*
Virginia Danforth
Julia Fisher
Ruth Erick
Ruth Mary Penfield



THE CHATHAMITE



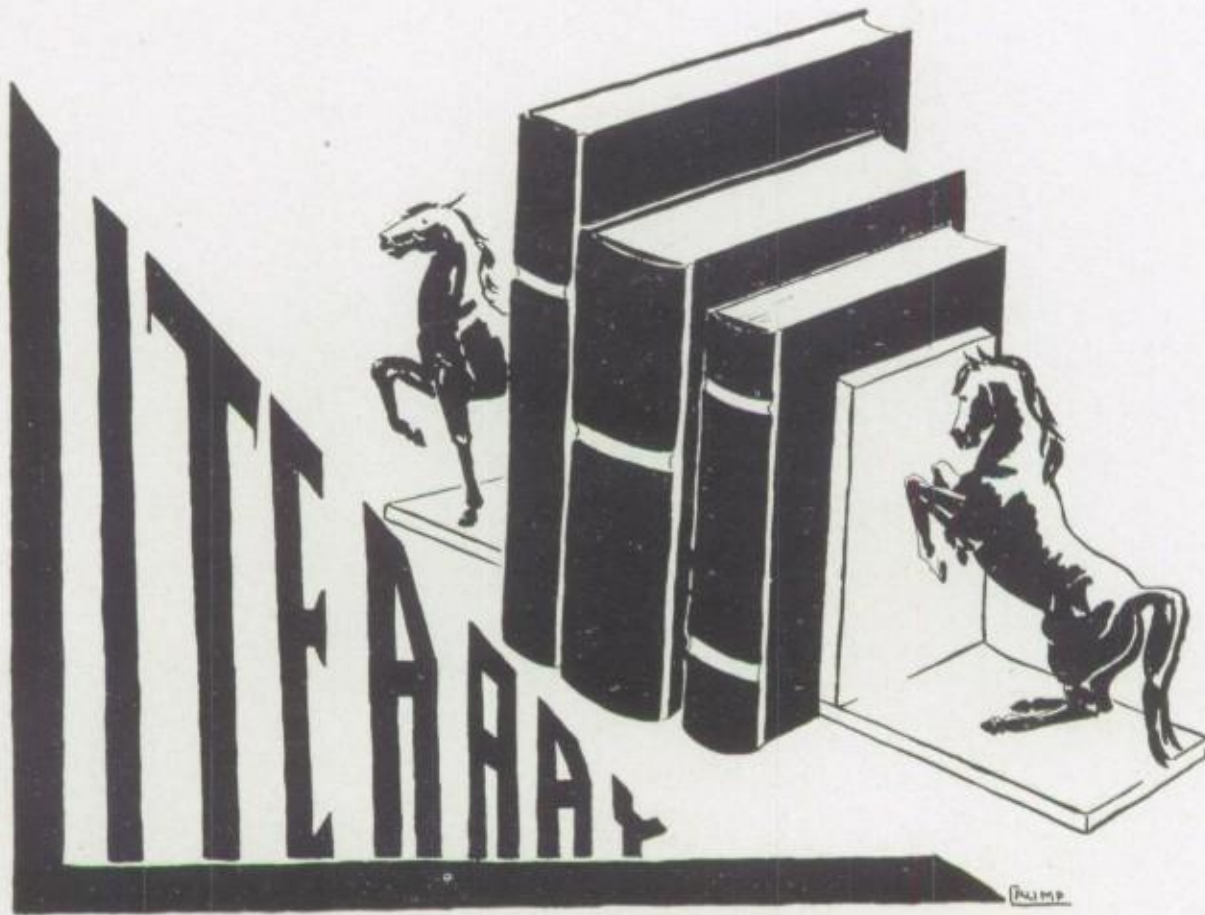
HONOR ROLL

FIRST SEMESTER 1935-1936

CLARA APPLGATE
FREDERICKA BERGER
CAROLINE BOXLEY
BETTY BRANCH
MARY ELIZA BROWN
ANN DONALDSON
HELEN DUKE
MARY DYKEMA

JULIA FORAKER
MARY JANE HART
LOUISE HERRON
KATHLEEN NIMICK
PRUDENCE SMITH
HELEN TAYLOR
PHYLLIS TENNEY
MARCIA WILLIAMS

BETTY ZABRISKIE



HURDY-GURDY

The little old gardener was very tired. He had spent a long day working over the jonquils and violets around the pool and his efforts did not seem to have been rewarded—the pool just did *not* look attractive. Ah well, these people knew nothing about gardening! All they wanted was a pretty background for the wedding. In a week the affair would be over, and his job would be done. The garden would gradually go to ruin for lack of attention, and he must wander about seeking a job.

As he stooped to weed up a last dandelion, soft strains of music floated over the garden wall. It must be the hurdy-gurdy! He listened sadly—the sound always brought tears to his eyes on its first spring appearance.

The music stopped for a second, and then another tune came to the gardener's ears. He listened and, as he rose to his feet, wiped his hands on his dirty overalls. But then he stood quite still. The tune was a gay, little Bohemian air, which tinkled and gurgled forth from the hurdy-gurdy, a streamlet of sound.

The gardener was crying—he knew it was silly, but the tune was so familiar; it seemed as though that sunny June day, so long ago, were not yet at a close, and that he was still dancing to the lilting strains of music on the green lawn of the inn at Münne, with Hilda, as she tossed her blonde curls before his love-dazzled eyes.

"Please, Mr. Gardener, do you know any nice stories?" a small voice piped up from behind him. The gardener turned slowly and saw a tiny blonde child standing at the brink of the pool with her pink dress casting sweet reflections on the water.

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"Why, yes, my little one," he answered slowly, as he pondered what fairy tale to tell her. But ever and again his Hilda danced before his mind's eye. Ah! He would tell *her* story—

.

It was a beautiful, blithe June day and every one was very, very happy. Frederic and Hilda had been dancing on the green lawn of the inn to the strains of an accordion; whenever Frederic and Hilda danced, you could not help but enjoy life. They were so pretty together, she in her white blouse and red skirt, with her golden hair and flashing eyes, he in black and white, his curly hair standing on end. The two were so happy together—every one knew that they were to be married in a month. The dance ended with a shout.

Frederic picked up the lovely girl and carried her triumphantly to the table out under the trees, and there they sang together, in a gay carol of young love. The guests at the inn came out to listen, and were so delighted with the song that the two were compelled to sing again and again. The young American, who had arrived the night before, seemed especially to enjoy the song, and Frederic noted, with a tinge of jealousy, that the foreigner seemed transfixed by Hilda's beauty. But the lad soon overcame this thought, and the festivities ended with a general burst of applause.

Two days later, Hilda had gone. Frederic heard this news in stupefied amazement but his anger was terrible when he learned that his darling had gone with the American. He had not thought that any man would do such a thing. He and Hilda were betrothed! He could not find it in his heart to blame *her*. She was so lovely and he felt convinced that she had loved him.

As time went on, and no news came, he found that he could not stay there, where he had lost her. He still saw her in her red and white dress, dancing before his eyes. And so Frederic went to Berlin, leaving no word at Münne of his intentions. With the money he had saved for his wedding he studied horticulture (he had always loved flowers) in a wild attempt to forget Hilda and the American. He did not succeed in this endeavour, for he still unconsciously clung to a faint hope that some day he would see her again. However, with the flowers he prospered, and soon he was sent by an important Berlin florist to America to represent the firm in New York.

Frederic enjoyed America, and the city, with its tall towers, its girdle of two great rivers; its vast numbers of milling inhabitants somehow soothed his restlessness. There was such variety, such color, in the diversions of the metropolis, that he felt almost "perfectly happy." But still, the sight of a blonde, curly head would startle him.

Soon the world became stirred with the lust to kill; before long, men slaughtered each other joyfully on a dozen European battlefields.

The flower firm in Berlin no longer needed a representative in America; Frederic lost his job, and somehow he had not the ambition to seek another. As time passed,

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he lived more and more poorly, taking part-time jobs, and worrying little about the future. Finally, he gained a small reputation as a gardener, and made a scanty living by tending the flowers of the *nouveau riche*—

.

The old man looked down at the little child, but found her gone. The tale had not been of interest to one so young. He sighed, and straightened up, preparatory to going home. But the sun was so warm, the violets smelled so sweet, and the moss about the pool was so soft that he lay down, and, in the passing of time, fell asleep.

A tabloid newspaper blew across the garden, and lodged itself about old Frederic's feet. Perhaps, if he had not been sleeping so soundly, he might have opened it, and perchance have glanced at the following extract from amongst the public notices:

Frederic—I have just learned your whereabouts. There is much to explain—I must see you. Hilda.

But the gardener was too soundly asleep to wake and catch the paper before the next gust of wind blew it off. The last rays of the sun touched his face in a benediction, before they left the garden quite dark and still.

—BETTY ZABRISKIE, '37

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PHANTASY

Long lashes curled upward and blue eyes sparkled. Chubby little hands clutched at the counterpane in sheer ecstasy. "How soon will he come? Nurse said that he was the most nicest man ever borned. She said he was tall and had long curly white hair and sleepy eyes, and that he would make me dream such be-u-tiful things. I do wish he'd come!" Slowly, softly the window opened and a dark figure crept over the sill, a figure whose dim outline showed a very tall man dressed in rather bulky garments. The floor creaked and the boy sat up, bouncing up and down with excitement. "Oh you've come at last! I knew you would. Now please tell me a story! A be-u-tiful story." The tall figure started and said in a low gruff voice, "Be quiet. You must go to sleep before you can like *my* story!" He strode over to the bed and raised his arm, but the boy grabbed it with his fat, little one and said, "Please sit down. You are big like my Daddy and he used to sit and tell me stories, and you must tell me one so that he can hear it from the stars." The man stiffly dropped his arm and sank onto the bed. He began:

"Far away in the shadows of remembering, a little boy stood in a field of stars. All around him were soft clouds of different colors and tall gay flowers towered above him, and his eyes were bright and always looking up, above the clouds. He walked between quiet pools of emeralds and sapphires, the most precious of all stones, and a breeze from the snowy moon played with his hair. He was very happy. There was no backwards, only a road stretching out before him—ever lovely, leading him on. He walked down this road for years and years, always looking straight ahead and smiling because it was so beautiful. The sun showered him with golden dust and the blue of night made him cool. Then all of a sudden the road was no longer there, and he began to fall. He fell and fell through a terrible blackness. His head spun and he did not know what had happened. He fell for so long that he almost forgot the garden of youth up among the stars and began to think ugly thoughts instead of happy, white-winged ones. He fell so far that he stole his "self-respect" away and gave it to the first fancy he could find. He did not care any more. He was not happy; he was sad and lost and alone and—and—."

The boy was lying quite still now; the lashes drooped and covered the sparkle of the blue eyes. He breathed quietly and there was a sad smile on his lips. The tall figure rose and moved over to the window quietly. "I guess there is always a bottom to the darkness," he said; and he crept out the same way he had come in.

—ANN ELY, '36

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OF JOY AT EASTER

She had gone from him in the dark of October, when a cold wind raged outside, and the falling leaves told of a year that was dying. She had not wanted to go, for she was very young, and life had been good to her. She had clung to him, a little afraid, her eyes begging him for some reassurance. But the grim visitor would not wait, and with her had gone all the gladness of the man's life. Six months had passed, and still the thought of her was to him as a sharp pain, and he could not sleep for remembering her white face and pleading eyes.

He had grown bitter in those few months. Naturally quiet and retiring, he had become even more reserved. He went his way in silence, speaking to no one, walking alone. In his first wild despair, he would often brave the winter storms, to walk ceaselessly up and down through the long nights, trying in this way to find restful oblivion. And then he had thrown himself into his work, and spent long hours in the library among his books seeking consolation in them.

Spring came on, and he closed his windows against the songs of the birds. And in his house, dark curtains were drawn early that he might not see the budding of the trees and the first green shoots of grass. In the cool of evening, he walked along some country road, striving to leave behind him the lights of the city, the cheerful bustle of it, even humanity itself. He was glad when no ray of light troubled the increasing darkness, for his spirit had aged, and hope had gone from him, and faith.

Yet for some reason when he saw the radiance of the sun on Easter morning a certain gentleness came to him, and he arose and went to the church. The sun streamed through high-arched windows, casting a rosy light on those who knelt in prayer. There was a coolness and repose in the shadows which was very good. The scent of lilies, emblems of joy, was everywhere, and their purity and whiteness dazzled his eyes. The organ pealed forth in a burst of glorious music, and quite suddenly peace came to him, and more than peace, a quiet joy.

And a vision came to him of her he had loved. She smiled with infinite tenderness, and her face was no longer the tortured visage which had so long haunted him, but one of radiant happiness. She came to him lightly, swiftly. And across his mind passed remembrance of all the days they had spent together, 'midst the falling leaves of autumn, in midwinter snow, in the blossoming of spring, and through long summer months under the boughs of old trees, the leaves of which whispered above them, while the pale stars shone an infinity away.

All bitterness went from him, for he knew surely that she was with him then and always, and that they two would be together for all eternity. His sorrow passed before a deep sense of exultation, and as the beautiful Easter service opened, he knelt and thanked God, greatly rejoicing, for Eastertide had come, and all things lived again.

—JANET W. GREGORY, '36

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THE COURTSHIP OF DEATH

Once there was a soldier. He was an English soldier in 1776, and wore a scarlet coat and carried a long gun with a bayonet at the end of it. He was rakish and attractive, as this species of defenders often is. When the King's orders came to sail for America, our young man, one Charlie, son of Lord Randal of Small-Weldby-by-the-Wold, packed up his own belongings, stole some of his brother's clothes and embarked for the colonial wilds. The first day on board his ship, the "Lord Burtie," Charlie was violently sick. The second day he rallied, and by the time Boston was reached, our hero felt quite chipper, and ready to fight any rebel.

"Aha, my man," said he to worthy Captain Mackenzie, "are there pretty girls in America? Are there good taverns in this forsaken place? Are there balls?"

"Yes," replied Captain Mackenzie, spitting thoughtfully over the side of the ship, "but not in Boston. Only in Philadelphia and New York does one find levity. Besides, I doubt very much if you'll find much time for that sort of thing." Soon afterwards, Charlie was enlisted as Private Randal.

Six months later, Captain Randal surveyed his troops.

"Company dismissed," he roared. The privates hurriedly broke ranks and disappeared, singly or in groups, in all directions. Their leader looked wistfully about.

"No girls," he thought. "No beer, no balls!" He heaved a great sigh, turned himself around, and stalked off toward the meeting house where the native Bostonians were gathered at their evening prayers. The Captain stuck his head in the door, then entered. Every head turned. That is—every head but one. This one was blonde and finely shaped. At last, it too rotated slowly, and Randal found himself staring into the loveliest face that he had ever seen. In spite of her fair hair and skin, her eyes were dark and fathomless. She was dressed in black, shimmering stuff, such as the Captain had never seen. It gleamed in the soft candle-light and reflected all that went on in the house. In her liquid eyes he saw his own reflection, distorted and grotesque. With an effort he tore his glance from hers.

"Who is that?" he asked in a low tone of one of the worshipers.

"I don't know," replied the Puritan. "I've never seen her before, yet she seems familiar." Then, remembering that he spoke to an enemy, "Begone Sirrah," and the speaker turned away. Captain Randal left, and not far behind him, slipping along as silently as a shadow, walked the stranger, a weird, inscrutable smile on her pale mouth.

In 1781, Major Randal pushed southward with Lord Cornwallis to Yorktown. He dismounted, and finding that there were a few leisure hours before the siege was to begin, he sauntered about the town, watching the preparations for battle, and stopping on a hill to look down and see the French and Americans getting supplies from their fleet. A sudden movement made him turn. A cold fear clutched at his heart. There before him more silent, more enchanting than ever was the girl of

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Boston. She was smiling her deadly sweet smile, and over her black dress she wore an oddly contrasting hooded cloak of blood-red.

The Major recovered himself sufficiently to say: "Your servant, Madam," and he bowed. For a moment a faint gleam of amusement came into her eyes, and in that gleam he saw many fools of long ago shaking their baubles and laughing uproariously. From a great distance he heard high, gay voices—then silence. The girl turned slowly and seemed to float over the grass. Randal looked in horror. Where she went, the flowers curled and drooped. A piece of her cloak caught on a bramble, and the bush withered and turned brown. The Major walked slowly down the hill.

General Lord Randal, retired from active service, sat at his desk writing a letter. When one is seventy-six, letters do not seem to come easily, and he twirled his pen rather vaguely in his fingers. He reminisced a little bitterly. No more women. No beer (his heart), and positively no dancing. Well, his had been a full life, and he was happy. A knock at the door aroused him. "Come in," Randal said, lifting his handsome head. "Come in." The door opened and the girl came in. A faint tinge of color was in her cheeks, and she held out her hand invitingly. Her smile was sweet and gentle. She was attired in white as a bride might be.

"Come," she said, and her voice rang deep and clear as a bell. He kissed her lovely hand. He looked into her eyes. Before him, spread out over the ages, were men, women, and children, sporting, singing, playing, and some mourning—Caesars, philosophers, kings, peasants, all holding out their arms to him, calling wildly, echoing her tone, "Come."

General Lord Randal took the girl's hand. Major Randal rose. Captain Randal took a step toward her. Charlie Randal, with a scarlet coat and a long gun, kissed his love and stepped with her into the past.

—ELISA MITCHELL, '37

A WINTER'S NIGHT

Daniel and I lay on the large bear rug one evening in front of a blazing fire, listening to the wind as it howled around the old house, rattling the shutters in its search for an entrance and drifting the snow against the small-paned windows. From above came the sound of subdued voices, and a feeling of gloom and tragedy hung over the low-ceilinged room, for upstairs in her bed lay Mother, nearing the crisis in a severe case of double bronchial pneumonia. Presently several men came heavily down the steep stairs, and Father appeared, looking worn and tired.

"Daniel, my lad, we need more kerosene for the big oil lamp in time for the next injection at eleven o'clock tonight," he said as Dan stood up. "I see nothing to do but to ask you to go for it in the sleigh. You can get it from the Corral's down the mountain." "Hurry, won't you!" he added in a whisper.

Dan was already pulling on his leather boots, and he told me to dress warmly and be ready to go with him as soon as he had harnessed Knight to the small cutter,

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for I might be needed. In a few minutes we were warmly bundled up in the sleigh, trotting at a brisk pace down the firmly-packed mountain road toward the farm of our nearest neighbor, Mr. Corral, who lived in the "Tall Forest," five miles down the mountain side. My brother, a tall, tireless boy of fifteen, whom nothing ever seemed to frighten or worry, held the reins firmly, and spoke in scarcely audible tones to Knight, who, being a nervous creature and unused to such extreme cold, was pulling hard and bucking at intervals. From a stormy sky, the large moon shone weakly down upon the snow-covered hills and bare trees, turning them into unreal shadows of cold blue and white. As we wound amongst the great pines of "Tall Forest," the wind whistled strangely, and the shadows became blacker and more startling. As we approached the little farmhouse, Knight started violently, for a tiny black dog rushed out of the carriage house, barking shrilly. The empty five-gallon kerosene can in the back of the sleigh rolled with an alarming crash onto the hard road, and Knight, leaping forward in fright, jammed a runner into the icy bank. With a splintering jar, the cutter lurched to a standstill, and, our robes still around us, we were thrown into a deep drift.

Getting to my feet, I saw Dan examining the sleigh; its right runner was hopelessly smashed, and the right tug was broken. Leaving me to unharness Knight, since it was useless to think of returning in our sleigh, Dan walked toward the house, the can in his hand, and the little cur bounding and yelping behind him. The door was opened, letting out a flood of light and warmth, and making outdoors seem darker and colder than ever when it closed, for the moon was hidden by heavy clouds and the wind blew in threatening gusts.

Stamping to bring back some circulation to my feet, I collected the robes and piled them in the cutter; then unharnessed Knight and led him out from between the shafts toward the barn. Pierre Corral's young son soon came running out to tell me in a broken mixture of English and French-Canadian that his father was away from home with the sleigh, and that "Dannie" had told him to bridle the four-year-old whom they were boarding for a summer visitor in the valley, as we were to ride back. I unfastened the driving reins from Knight's bit, replacing them with a shorter length of rope, and we led the two horses out of the barn, where Dan awaited us with the kerosene. Pierre, holding the bridles while we scrambled up, handed us the heavy can fastened by its handle to a pole, of which each of us grasped an end.

Thanking the boy, and promising to return his horse on the morrow, we started back up the mountain against the wind. Snow had begun to fall, and now it drove against our faces like stinging hail, making them burn and freeze at the same time. We had borrowed a lamp, but on finding that it frightened the horses as it swung back and forth, had been forced to leave it at the farmhouse, and trust to Knight's knowledge of the road to guide us home.

If we had had time enough to walk, it might have been a great deal easier to keep the horses together, but as it was, we had to force them into a canter and with continual urging make them stay side by side. An hour, and the time for the injection would be past! What if that life went with it! This thought, though

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unspoken, gave me strength and courage to hold to the slippery back with my stiff, cold knees and press my horse on with heels and voice. Many times the pole slipped and we were forced to change places and hands, but at length we reached our gate, and turned in. Before we had gone more than a few paces, the four-year-old faltered, turned and reared, while Knight followed his example, and both of them refused to return up the drive. I lost my end of the pole, and the can dropped into the snow, which was, by that time, badly drifted and very treacherous. Dismounting, I held the horses while Dan walked forward to find out what had frightened them. Presently I heard a low whistle, and he returned, covered with snow from head to foot.

"We can't get through those drifts, at least the horses can't," he said. "I'll have to take them over the mountain and around by the back way. Can you carry the can by yourself from here?"

I nodded, and unfastened the pole. Four gallons of kerosene are not a light weight for a girl of fourteen under the most favorable circumstances and they were very heavy for me in all this snow. The drive was a short quarter-mile long, winding in and out of high cliffs and precipices, and well sheltered from the wind, and it formed an ideal cradle for snow.

The drifts were so deep and soft that I sank to my thighs in them at every step, and would have lost the can had I let go of its handle. At length I saw a lantern ahead, swinging back and forth and lighting a pair of long leather-covered legs on skis. I shouted, and Father answered. He had become worried by our long delay and the fall of snow, and had come to meet us.

"Mother is better," he said as he swung me up onto his shoulder and picked up the kerosene in his left hand. "She passed the crisis safely, and if this injection is on time, will soon be on the road to recovery."

We entered the house, lit only by the fire downstairs and a candle-end in the sick room. As the lamp was filled and lit, its strong rays fell on a group of hopeful faces around the bed. Instruments gleamed, the patient breathed softly and regularly, and downstairs the old cuckoo clock chimed eleven.

—RUTH MARY PENFIELD, '36

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THE CALL OF THE LOON

Sad beauty is remembered, strangely, hauntingly, a fragile cobweb of the mind. It lingers in the dimness asleep, waiting until some sound or feeling comes on unseen wings across time and night to touch the cobweb, tighten the silver threads, ring like silver music.

Years ago, when he was a child with strange lost eyes and curly hair, she used to sing to him. They were alike, there in the firelight, the girl with her dark Indian beauty, the child with his light curls. The tall whispering pines rose behind them dropping hard brown cones on the needled floor. Indian pipes sprouted between the old trunks in clumps of weird beauty. The waters lapped in the cove, deep green, hinting of starfish with coral points down among the rocks, of seaweed sighing as it rose and fell with the tides, of a lone heron deep in the shadows, with secret beauty folded in his wings.

But such gentle beauty was not a part of the Indian girl, with her wild, dark eyes and blue-black hair. She was strangely a part of the wild eerie cry of the loon, far out over the misty lake at night. That cry that was so utterly unreal, ghostly, lost. She loved the harsh, haunting notes that came across the water to us sitting by the fire. I remember her listening—the child listening, and then turning to each other in secret understanding after the ghostly call had died in fading echoes between the mountains. Something strange existed between these two, my child and the Indian girl. Something stranger than silence and older than mountains masked in moonlight, bound them together. A feeling deeper than words, a shadow on silver.

Tonight, I feel strangely alone, lost in this humming city. My boy has grown into a man and has forgotten the shadow on silver and the lonely call out over the lake. The Indian girl has faded back into the silent forest, with her wild, dark eyes to wander among the ghostly Indian pipes and hear far through the trees the sad cry of the loon.

Might I have heard it then? Lonely, sad, lost, like eyes of a little child, yet strangely old and alone. I do not know. Perhaps the beauty of a northern wilderness is reaching across the city roofs to my tired, lonely mind. Perhaps I hear a bird crying out over the water, lost in moonlight—perhaps it is the horn of a taxicab rushing aimlessly down below.

—PATRICIA GRANT, '36

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ONE SATURDAY NIGHT

The center of the beer garden was always noisy at night, full of lights and sounds and moving people. They were young people, who laughed and joked and danced. Swinging cords of light strung above them caught flashes of colors on the girls' dresses, now hidden, now displayed by the darker forms of the men. There were shouts mixed with the hard tinkle of heavy glasses. Every now and then some of them would burst into song, rocking with laughter and overturning glasses with careless movements.

Outside this ring of light was shadow and quiet. Here the older people came to sit and drink, and it was here that Frederick and I came every Saturday night to our same old table under the big tree. From its shadow and remoteness we could look out at the dancing circle as from some long distant spot. We watched what went on as interested, yet detached, gods from another world.

One night in May we sat there, resting ourselves in the soft breeze which rustled through the leaves and gently brushed our foreheads. Light glittered on the steely steins and dove in long lines through the dark beer to the depths of the cups. Then it dropped to a softer tone on our faces and the changing folds of our clothes. It was a night for confidences, and the noise of the dancers had made Frederick reminiscent. He was often so on such nights; the chatter of young people brought old memories back to him.

Looking at his brooding face in the half-light, at the gray eyes that were watching some far-away happening, I knew of what he was thinking. He was my best friend, as I hope, and have always believed; I was his, and I think I understood him better than anyone else on this earth. I knew that behind the cheerful smile that was never long absent from his eyes he hid from the world something that few people ever managed to see.

When German peasants were rushed into a war which they did not even understand, there was one young boy who stared with wilder and less understanding eyes than his comrades at the turmoil around him. His lips were thin and straight as he marched into line. The wide eyes grew duller and duller until finally they seemed to lose all expression and could only stare with blind dismay at a crazy world. For a year he stood the marching and the hardships. For a year he obeyed crisply shouted orders, drank, ate, and slept like a soldier. But it was always with the same uncomprehending eyes. His comrades could not understand him. He was so different from the rest, often staring off into space as though he saw something he couldn't quite reach. He thought too much, they said, and, with a shrug, forgot about him in the uncertain life of soldiers.

Then suddenly one day they noticed a new look in his eyes. It was an eager look, as though the thing he hadn't quite been able to grasp were coming closer. He would spend hours away from the others, watching the passing clouds in the sky, or a stream bubbling over tiny stones. Day by day he seemed happier. His troubled look disappeared, and he began to join in the conversations of those around him. For a month he was this way. Then, just as suddenly as he had begun to take a new interest in life, he disappeared. A deserter, a coward, they said.

That boy was Frederick's son and now, even after the war was over and most of its scars healed, the boy was forever in his father's mind. It was the laughter and

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talk of young people that made him remember, and looking at the dancing forms on Saturday night he would wonder at what might have been. So it was that, seeing his absorbed expression, I kept silent, watching the moving shadows on his face and waiting for him to speak. Frederick liked talking to me of his son, for somehow, better than anyone else, we two had seemed to understand the strange boy and his deep thinking ways. There was a louder crash of music from the band and Frederick looked up as though awakened from his dream of the past.

"It was on a night like this that John said goodbye on his last leave," he said. "I remember how we laughed when Margaret tried to sew up his pants leg, which he had ripped climbing levees. He never could keep still, and at every twist he ripped out all the work she had done. But Margaret kept following him from one room to another, sewing a bit every time he kept still for two minutes. It was a beautiful piece of work just the same, and John said Margaret should be in the army where she could sew on buttons while he made forced landings. It was fun that night. . . ."

While he talked, I realized more forcibly how attached he had been to the boy. When John was just a small lad he had even then seemed different from other boys, and Frederick and I used to have long conversations about him. It was at such times that Frederick unwittingly showed how his failure to understand his son weighed on his mind. Every action, every expression John made Frederick would watch, thinking perhaps sometime to see a little of what went on in the childish mind. It was a very complex mind, and I thought then, as I do today, that the boy was cut out to be a great man. Frederick, being more practical than I, could never see that, but he did wish, more than anything else in life, to understand his son.

I think the father could almost have reached his goal—I doubt if anyone could have wholly understood him—if he had had his son just a few years longer. Perhaps that was the reason why he bore the loss of this son so much more heavily than the death of any of his others. Perhaps that was the reason why the very weight of it had aged him so rapidly and made him but a feeble, crippled old man long before his contemporaries. I don't know, but I felt as we talked that night that Frederick was very old, at the end of a long life of waiting for something that had never come.

There was a loud burst of laughter at the next table and, looking up, I saw that several people, whom we had not noticed before, had reached quite a gay stage of their party. They were noisily demanding louder music and more lights. That meant an end to our peace that night. Slowly we finished our beer, listening with the license of old age to their conversation.

One man, a large, puffy individual, was relating some escapades of the war. One would scarcely have given him credit for such activity and I found myself watching with amusement, wondering just how much he was taking from his own head. His partner did not hesitate to show her boredom, but the oblivious voice droned on and on. No amount of tactful changing of the subject could deter him and finally even Frederick and I, with nothing else in the world to listen to, found ourselves yawning in each other's faces.

I suggested leaving, for we soon found it tiresome once the big parties of the night had started, and we called for our check. As we did so the monotonous bore at the next table began on another story.

"Speaking of German industry," he said, taking a long drink of beer, "I once found a most curiously misplaced example of it during the war. It was some sewing on an old pair of trousers."

I could see a smile twitch the woman's lips at the introduction of such a subject into the hot-blooded tales of the stout man. I felt glad that she had a sense of humor to help her through the evening.

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"I was running through a lot of old uniforms trying to outfit myself. They were all the most impossible sizes and in all conditions of disrepair. One of them had had the leg torn almost all the way up and had been mended so that at first I didn't notice it. On looking more closely, I was astonished to see how perfectly every thread had been woven back into place. It almost looked as though the cloth were whole!" The man paused dramatically at this startling climax and looked at the woman beside him as though he were the discoverer of America. "Now isn't that one of the—"

The voice drawled on, but I didn't listen. A strange look in Frederick's burning eyes had told me with a shock of what he was thinking. Such pitiful childlike trust can only come again with age, and Frederick's face told me that he had crossed the line.

"Did you take the suit?" the woman asked, for conversation's sake, I suppose.

"Heavens no, there was hardly enough of the coat to make a whole suit. I needed one to cover, not to breathe through."

I looked at Frederick fearing to find just what I did. It was an old, old man who looked at me. He seemed to be staring through me, far off into a world of his own. The waiter came then and I sorted some coins from my pocket. When I looked up, Frederick had risen and was standing timidly by the fat man. Harsh light fell on him, outlining his old, stooped shoulders and grey head. It cut deep lines down his wrinkled face and he looked old, horribly old. A shaking, blue veined hand dropped on the talker's shoulder and he looked up.

"Could you tell me—did it come from the front or the back?"

The man looked puzzled and then smiled.

"Why the front, of course," he said. "All true Germans' coats are hit in the front." and he looked very pleased at this bit of adeptly put patriotism.

Frederick said something so gently that I could not hear it and then turned away. The man gazed curiously after him.

I wanted to tell my friend that it was too trivial a coincidence upon which to pin his faith, but he was walking rapidly and was at the gate before I caught up to him. Once out on the dark, cool road, I took his arm, but he appeared not to notice me. He was talking to himself, and from the few words I caught and the happy look on his face, I knew that to him, anyway, John was no longer a mystery.

There was nothing there for me to say. After all, coincidences are not made by man. And if just a word can end a life happily, what is it to man whether it be the truth or not?

The gay noise of the beer garden died away behind us, the woods along the road were quiet and mysterious, and I began to feel sleepy. Life is long and hard, I thought, looking at Frederick's work-worn face, but it is worth living. Would I go through it again? Yes, a thousand times. I smiled; maybe I was getting old, too.

—FRANCES MUNSON, '37

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WAITING ROOM

The gold letters on the door seemed to spring toward him, eager to announce the names they formed—Richard Page, M. D., and two smaller ones beneath, those of his assistants. He walked steadily forward, opened the door rather apologetically, and slipping off the dark gray felt hat which he had pulled down over his eyes, halted before the desk of an efficient young lady in a dark skirt and frilly blouse which seemed oddly out of keeping with a doctor's office.

"Your name?" She spoke swiftly, with a strained note in her voice, as if she had asked that question so many times that she could not be quite sure of her own.

"Jonathan Stone. I have an appointment with Dr. Page."

"I see. Well, you will have to wait your turn, I'm afraid. All these people have appointments, too." She smiled automatically, but already her mind was on something else.

Jonathan sank into one of the polished wooden chairs which always seem to adorn a doctor's office and looked about him. He saw a long room dotted with drooping palms and long mirrors. He shifted slightly, to avoid seeing his own face, and looked at the others who were waiting.

Across from him sat a patient woman in black, relieved only by one white cuffs and collar. Her little boy played beneath her feet, his long thin legs in brown leggings, and his bulbous head, with the watery eyes peering confusedly from behind thick lenses, giving him the appearance of a spider. Even when her child hung onto the leg which she had crossed and almost upset her, she gave no sign. Only when the girl at the desk called another name did she start, and then sink back to her thoughts. Jonathan watched her, wondering, for in the depths of her eyes he saw an utter blankness. When the girl at the desk called, "Mrs. Archer, Dr. Page will see you now," she only rose, and placing her feet carefully with the toes pointing straight ahead, she moved toward the inner room, with the strange little figure scuttling after her. Suddenly Jonathan shook. The pain had come back to him. It kept him so busy that he was aware of nothing until Mrs. Archer came out again, staring straight ahead blankly, and walking carefully, always followed by the child in brown. The door swung slowly shut with a wheezing expulsion of air. Jonathan thought it sounded like a sigh of regret that the door could not be slammed. A door which can be slammed grates on people's nerves, however, and this was a place where nothing must irritate or annoy. Jonathan's eyes went from the long low table covered with month-old copies of *Time* (What a stupid name! People did not want to be reminded that time was passing did they? They did not want to know that they were getting old), of *Fortune*, and of *The Literary Digest*, to the water cooler, where an occasional drop fell into the narrow shelf below the tap with a depressed splash, to the reproduction of Turner's Venice hanging above a large arm chair. Jonathan was almost in a panic. He felt trapped, betrayed. His inner knowledge of his own symptoms taunted him, and it was only by a determined effort of his will that he concentrated his attention upon the old man who sat beneath the Venice. He saw a pair of brown shoes which could have done with a shine, faultlessly creased dark blue trousers and coat, spoiled by the spots which their owner had made no effort to remove; and a rich tie, bearing the label of "Christmas present" quite plainly to Jonathan's eye. He saw, too, the stubby fingers, with nails bitten to the quick, and the ceaselessly moving head with its loose eyes. Worst of all, he saw abject fear in the eyes of the man. It was so naked, so bestial, that Jonathan for very shame turned his own eyes away.

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"Mr. Wyck, you may go in now." The girl's voice cut a silence of gathering tension. As the old man jerked himself across the floor, Jonathan looked away, and saw his own face in the mirror. Young, healthy, but weak in the mouth and chin, he thought. Bemused, he stared at his own reflection for several minutes. He barely saw Mr. Wyck come from the office. He was too fascinated by the discovery he had just made. The look in the old man's eyes was crystallized in his own. He sat motionless, petrified by his own conviction.

"Mr. Stone, Dr. Page will see you now." And, rising slowly, Jonathan walked through the inner door.

—BETTY BRANCH, '36

FRIENDSHIP

We all live in a world that is peculiarly our own and no one else's. It is with a pang of fear that we realize that no other person sees exactly the same sights we do, or hears the same sounds. Truly, each man in the world is alone. Our real life is within ourselves in a realm that is only apparent to others through our own words and actions. Our physical selves surround like prison walls that spiritual being that is essentially us. What a miracle it is when from another's eyes we catch a gleam answering some thought or mood of ours!

That is friendship in embryo, and from it develops a new and strange fellowship of the spirit. Mere acquaintance holds none of this inner closeness. Such friendship is a rarity, although its name is misused to designate a multitude of relationships. It is that suddenly born unity with another soul that creates for us a new world in which we do not walk entirely alone, but in the darkness feel the touch of the hand of one who we know would go with us always along our way if he could. This friendship follows our life's pathway with a love that is as deep and as sound and as true as some running river, broad and clear, flowing surely and swiftly over a sand of pure gold.

Although there are rocks in its course, big black boulders and sharp jagged slabs, its waters still flow on victoriously overcoming each attempt to obstruct it. Only a white foam remains on its crest where the rocks jut out as a mute sign of struggle and of pain, and on it flows this river. Many and varied are the meadows it runs between. Through storm and calm. However great a thickness of ice may encrust its surface, beneath, the waters flow still, deep, and sure. Dark or light change it not. There is something of eternity in its course. Such is the love of friends. What then is friendship, more than the meeting of two souls drawn to each other out of life's commonplaceness into a communion and a oneness that does not die, but lives and grows stronger always?

—PRUDENCE SMITH, '36

THE CHATHAMITE

A SEARCH

He went seeking an answer to the secret longing of his soul. First, he begged counsel of the wise men, but they understood him not and told him he was foolish. Yet one old seer who knew the courses of the stars and all their meanings bade him search for the path that leads to the edge of the earth. There, if he were indeed earnest, he might find an answer to his seeking.

He set out on foot and traveled far. The people in the towns he passed were kindly folk and gave him lodgings for the night. But they laughed when he asked the road to the world's end and told him he were wise to return whence he came. He thanked them and went on.

He passed green meadows where cattle grazed, deep forests where sunlight never came, through high mountain passes, and broad valleys with slow-moving rivers; always he faced towards the setting sun, and his purpose was steadfast.

At last after many months he found it, the path that leads to the end of the world. It was a faint track, little trodden, and leading over a barren moor. The wind moaned bleakly, and the sun had gone. The clouds flowed quickly through the sky, as though fearing some evil power of that place.

He followed it; small hands seemed to hold him back at every turning and silent, noiseless voices prompted him to turn and flee if he still valued life. Twice he turned to fly and turned back again and continued on. He came, at length, to the ending of the trail. And here was a sheer precipice to which he saw no foot but clouds. There were steps leading down, old as time and narrow. They twisted perilously down the face of the cliff; it would be a bold man who dared the descent. But he had courage and he ventured. He descended slowly, clinging to the rough rock, for if he looked down he would grow dizzy, slip, and fall.

He reached the foot, and found himself on the margin of a lake. On every side rose steep cliffs faced with pines; the sky seemed infinitely far and untouchable as though seen from a deep well. The grass underfoot was mossy green and stretched to the water's edge. The air had a bluish tinge of perpetual twilight. There was a hushed stillness as though no human thing had seen that lake for centuries gone by, but all around there seemed to dwell those supernatural beings who, driven from their haunts on earth, had found a refuge here. On the further shore stood a castle scarcely visible in the dimness.

There was a boat on the grass; he stepped in it and floated out on the water. It was crystal clear like a glass; and mirrored in it he saw the ever shifting glimpses of men's dreams. Some were brightly colored and happy, visions of things that had been and glad days to come. Others were somber-hued and frightful, foreshadowings of guilty consciences.

The boat moved slowly of its own accord and landed gently on the grass before the castle gate. The stones of its walls were gray with age, older than the world itself. And the ivy which clung to them appeared to be part of the stone and mortar. The windows were dark slits half hidden by the leaves. Moving back and forth across them he saw weird lights as though unseen eyes were watching him. The rusted gate swung open with a muffled clang as he approached. He passed through the deserted courtyard into the castle. Here he found himself in a long, dimly lighted hall with closed doors on either side; he continued straight on until he reached the massive

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doorway at the farthest end. It opened when he reached it and showed him a chamber so large it seemed to have no ending. The air was blue with incense which rose like smoke to the vaulted ceiling far above; the only light penetrated through long windows stained like blood. The illumination they gave was diffused and faint, so that he saw everything as through a mist. There was a dais before him and on it a throne, but who sat there he could not see. He asked that for which he had come, and she spoke, "What you would know I may not answer. Go your way and it will come to you, perhaps in the peace and solitude of a cloudless summer day, perhaps in the rush and turmoil of a city. But if you are fit, it will come, the substance of a falling star and of the blue haze of hills."

Slowly he turned to go, but lest he should remember the way he had come and the things he had seen he was made to forget.

He woke on the moor and turned home. Of what he had done he knew nothing, but of that which he had sought he knew.

—ANN DONALDSON, '39

WIND

The wind that howls and laughing shrieks
Cannot be made by God's kind hand,
But rather by the souls of trees
The groping gnarléd roots of which
Can neither reach the sun nor moisture in the earth;
But strangle men in lower worlds
And scream and laugh and kill again.
The ghosts of souls from twisted trees
Come out and hang above the soil
And rise and dance and tear away
Our solemn peace and happy thoughts,
And bear them off to lonely moors
In pits and bogs where bones are strewn,
And there destroy our minds and bring
Us home in semblance not unchanged
But with a soul of shrivelled form
The other parts of which will fly
About the earth and mock at us
And bid us come to them.

—GERTRUDE POTTER, '37

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THE CALENDAR

FALL TERM—1935

- Sept. 23, Mon. A few old girls arrive to help receive the new girls.
- Sept. 24, Tues. New girls, feeling very new, encounter Clapple before having time to get homesick.
- Sept. 25, Wed. Banquet for new girls before old girls take possession.
- Sept. 28, Sat. New girls are further confused by a treasure hunt, but food and singing by Jinny Prout and the waiters soothe all.
- Sept. 29, Sun. The Service League is explained.
- Oct. 2, Wed. Chatham rejects her usual customary adherence to Emily Post in mad tearoom scramble. It is probable that this early training was the only thing that later saved Miss Jones when she came in contact with the hard brown earth.
- Oct. 5, Sat. New girls retaliate with excellent revue, starring Carroll Montgomery's voice and Miss Montague's whistle.
- Oct. 7, Mon. Gold and Purple Teams chosen amid much cheering in Willis Hall.
- Oct. 10, Thurs. The Welbournes talk on Japanese Baths and the Japanese.
- Oct. 12, Sat. Purples tickle the old gold humor in funny swimming meet, and incidentally win it. Lecture by Mr. J. Ralph Wilbur on Historic Homes and Gyardens of Virginia. Inspiration for gay quip lacking.
- Oct. 13, Sun. We learn the exact number of Sewing Machines in the U. S. from Mr. H. M. Douty, and at his request rack our brains to call from vague babyhood memories the good old days of President Hoover. Unseemly reaction by even the most dignified produces a promise from Dr. Lee that it will not happen again.
- Oct. 17, Thurs. Dr. Roth's lecture on Alaska.
- Oct. 19, Sat. You have your pick of La Argentina and a cheese sandwich, or Possums and ice cream.
- Oct. 20, Sun. Reposing gracefully upon the famous lounge rug, we enjoy the first of Miss Andrus's lovely recitals.
- Oct. 24, Thurs. The Dramatic Club in today's assembly makes a successful debut, featuring Marcia Williams, Libby Warriner, Ruth Mary, and Betty Branch in "My Lady's Lace."
- Oct. 26, Sat. The more courageous of us stay to brave the Chamber of Horrors, an offspring of Ann Ely's morbid genius, while the rest flee with Mrs. Bray to Historic Virginia. Parge finds herself between the Devils and the Deep Blue Sea; and chooses the James, as did her ancestor Pocahontas. (Note to Miss Hensleigh: is this a Dominant or Recessive characteristic?)
- Oct. 30, Wed. Classification out. The School Life Department finds a new way to be useful in cheering C's and D's.
- Nov. 2, Sat. In assembly, Bunny with a foreign accent and Clay with a British one betray each other convincingly in "The Queen's Messenger"; then we are cheered up by Hart, Grant, Williamson, Willcox, and Prout in "And the Light Went Out." Ellen Vale is taken into the Riding Club.

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- Nov. 9, Sat. Miss Miller's Recital.
- Nov. 10, Sun. Dr. Wood addresses us at Service League meeting.
- Nov. 11, Mon. Kit Stevenson comes down and is inveigled away to a picnic, and then to washing Miss Corbieres car. The more emotional of us go to "Smilin' Thru"—and those of us who were not emotional before soon were.
- Nov. 12, Tues. Jeano, upon hearing of a proposed trip abroad next summer, jumps up and down so violently that she sprains an ankle. Cornelia Otis Skinner and our customary cultural cheese sandwiches.
- Nov. 15, Fri. Official, though smoky, housewarming in the Pine Room.
- Nov. 16, Sat. Ebby!
- Nov. 17, Sun. The first of Ely's series of church faints. A pig on the front lawn gives visiting families a strange impression.
- Nov. 18, Mon. The Monday Ride runs off and leaves Mr. Brush in the lurch.
- Nov. 19, Tues. The exclusive literary club is born and Betty Branch unanimously declared president.
- Nov. 20, Wed. We raise the roof with "One More Month"—Mrs. Lee is faintly disapproving.
- Nov. 21, Thurs. A senior privilege finally materializes in the form of luscious cinnamon toast and cocoa on Thursday Afternoon.
- Nov. 23, Sat. The Glee Club, under Miss Hope Miller's able management, gives us a delightful recital. The whole school hums "Oh Shenandoah" for weeks afterwards, particularly Miss Hensleigh's version.
- Nov. 28, Thurs. We enjoy Thanksgiving in a most unpuritanlike fashion with a scavenger hunt and a barbarous underground feast of red-hot Brunswick Stew. The sophisticated "Importance of Being Earnest" brings us back to civilization, though the savage crops out in Ely's kick at Bentley.
- Nov. 30, Sat. The Thanksgiving dance furnishes conversation for the next two weeks.
- Dec. 2, Mon. The Seniors look their worst for pictures.
- Dec. 4, Wed. Santa and Mrs. Santa appear a bit prematurely but very dramatically, and collect fabulous sums for stockings.
- Dec. 7, Sat. World Outlook Bazaar—and many Christmas shopping problems are solved.
- Dec. 8, Sun. T. Alvin Russel tells of his interesting negro school at Laurenceville. Ruth Frick's philanthropic tendencies are revealed in the Service League cabinet reports.
- Dec. 10, Tues. Miss Anne Wiggin gives us an inspiring talk on her work with foreign students.
- Dec. 11, Wed. Mary Dykema, in pursuit of cleanliness, turns the hot water spigot a bit too far. The result is a geyser calling for Mr. Rainey's quenchability. Dorothy Nalle, on the floor below, who thought she was taking a bath, finds out it is only a shower.
- Dec. 13, Fri. Chatham Hall limps down to supper, as a result of wearing rubber boots all afternoon. Mrs. Poague protests violently against the mud in the halls.

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- Dec. 14, Sat. The Seniors really feel like Seniors, now that their flashing gold rings have come, although a little doubtful as to the significance of the stork. The Dance Club gives its first recital amid overwhelming applause, and we all feel that we definitely have genius in our midst.
- Dec. 15, Sun. The Christmas pageant in the Church. Dotty Nalle, as the Virgin Mary, takes our breath away, and the music is lovely.
- Dec. 17, Tues. Bang! Crash! and the trunks are down! A really superior *Chathamite* comes out.
- Dec. 19, Thurs. Willis Hall reëchoes with the sound of childish voices and the patterings of tiny feet. It's the Christmas party. Bentley Booth with a chimney, specially made for what "shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly." One or two new girls are surprised by the beautiful Christmas carols in the halls at night, and we all love them.
- Dec. 20, Fri. Home! What more can we say?

WINTER TERM—1936

- Jan. 6, Mon. Everybody mournfully returns, except for a few privileged characters.
- Jan. 11, Sat. The night of the well-advertised baby party arrives. My! My! how we have grown!
- Jan. 13, Mon. Hollister, Hays, Hoyt and Hoyt are taken into the riding club Holesale. The Study Hall was painted and it smelt, so C's and D's joyfully adjourn to their rooms.
- Jan. 14, Tues. Heavens! The whole school goes astronomical or are they only after points?
- Jan. 17, Fri. Dr. Palmer lectures on paintings.
- Jan. 18, Sat. Dizzy vs. Sweetbriar Genius in Ash Tray Controversy. What'll it be next, Dizz?
- Jan. 20, Mon. First Senior Breakfast Gorge. We're old enough to know better.
- Jan. 21, Tues. Miss Loveland steps nobly into a breach caused by a well-known Lee characteristic and leads an extemporaneous chapel.
- Jan. 22, Wed. Group leaders give a birthday party for Mrs. Lee.
- Jan. 23, Thurs. "Apoligizin' fer th' interruption, Ma'am" but the "Playgoers" with Williamson, Cowles, Hart, Derrick, Van Alstyne, Choate, Du-Charne, and Meier is today in assembly.
- Jan. 24, Fri. Vienna Boys' Choir in Danville.
- Jan. 25, Sat. Brewer Eddy tells us of his shady money transactions in Russia. What if everyone did that, Brewer?
- Jan. 26, Sun. Bishop Oldham, along with some excellent advice, gives us the inside dope on F. D. R. and King George.
- Jan. 28-31 The faculty have a holiday while we have exams.
- Jan. 31, Fri. Cally and Polly Wig come and a burst of enthusiasm sweeps the school.
- Feb. 1, Sat. We have a very Dramatic day, what with "Mutiny on the Bounty," starring Laughton, Tone, and Gable, at the movies, and in assembly

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- "Miss Civilization," "The Beau of Bath," and "Minuet," starring half the Dramatic Club.
- Feb. 2, Sun. Sally Ferguson, Hollister, and Olivia Bireckhead celebrate their first anniversary. It's a good excuse for a good party.
- Feb. 5, Wed. Mr. Jim Wilson laboriously shocks us all in his "Free Wheeling Through Africa."
- Feb. 7, Fri. Snow. It takes three men to dig out Woodle.
- Feb. 9, Sun. Miss Charlotte Nevin speaks about the Y. W. C. A.
- Feb. 12, Wed. Student Council member hears great giggling after lights, rushes down hall to find Morgan's bed full of feathers, arranged by Foraker and Hathaway. Morgan shakes sheet and feathers go-poo! all over Second Pruden. Student Council member tears hair and adds to the general fluffy mess.
- Feb. 15, Sat. Dr. Ellsworth speaks on the Age of Queen Anne.
- Feb. 16, Sun. Dr. Ellsworth's much-quoted lecture on "Manners." I guess we needed it.
- Feb. 19, Wed. Helen Taylor is elected to the Student Council.
- Feb. 20, Thurs. Mrs. Clemons's monologues. Browning brought home to the Seniors as never before.
- Feb. 22, Sat. George Washington's birthday supper, our first real movie, "William Tell," and movies of ourselves that send us to bed happy. A very much appreciated surprise, Dr. Lee.
- Feb. 27, Thurs. The Divine Nelson. All the women of Virginia clamor to hear him, and Clifton forgets the gas.
- Feb. 29, Sat. The French Play. Because of her accents, Sarah Rapalje, reads the English Resume. We catch a word or so here and there, and grasp, at least, the swoons of Potter and Cowles, and, best of all, the Fletcher itch.
- Mar. 1, Sun. Prout and Danforth give an excellent piano recital.
- Mar. 3, Tues. The most exciting day of the year! Bunny is elected May Queen with Booty as Maid of Honor and Kath first lady of the court.
- Mar. 4, Wed. More excitement—Weezy is taken on the C. A. C.
- Mar. 5, Thurs. Mr. Dolmetsch and Miss Bloch (really Mrs. Smith) entertain us in the good old Elizabethan Style.
- Mar. 6, Fri. A brief half-hour of the Hampton Quartet's perfect harmony.
- Mar. 7, Sat. The Dance Club gives an inspired recital with Elmina the creator and rescuing hero, and Kitty King as the peacock.
- Mar. 13, Fri. We get our faculty advisers. Better late than never.
- Mar. 15, Sun. Dr. Lee gets slugged in the nose by the mail-bag as it is thrown off the train. Now we have a real complaint.
- Mar. 16, Mon. An evening of astronomy with Professor A. M. Harding and of ape men with Buster Crabbe. Chatham makes the front page by a Twister.
- Mar. 21, Sat. The long-looked for "Mikado" at last comes off, wistaria and all, and is wonderful.
- Mar. 26, Thurs. The new vacation song lacks the vigor of the old one, but we plough through it in loyalty to Dr. Lee and Clapplegate.
- Mar. 27, Fri. Home again.

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SPRING TERM—1936

- Apr. 6, Mon. Spring Vacation ends and the greater part of us comes back on time.
- Apr. 11, Sat. Chatham institutes a new tradition, the "half-holiday" in honor of the brilliant old girls. We secretly wonder what has gotten in to the old school while we thoroughly enjoy the telescoped classes, free time, egg hunt, picnic, and movies.
- Apr. 12, Sun. Easter Sunday turns out to be a beautiful day.
- Apr. 18, Sat. Alumnae Day. We have picnic lunch outdoors so that the Alumnae can be properly fed inside, and wonder why they don't give the Alumnae the picnic lunch, because it is so much more fun. Willis Hall is dedicated. We have special sports to impress them and the "Mikado" is given again, even more successfully.
- Apr. 23, Thurs. The Venetian Glass-Blowers perform miracles for us.
- May 2, Sat. "The Maker of Dreams" in assembly with Julia Foraker and Ginny Prout as Pierrette and Pierrot and Louise Dorrance, the manufacturer. Also the "Wonder Hat" with Edith Cowles, Rust, Winslow, Montgomery, and Dykema; and "Wild Nell—the Pet of the Plains" or "Her Final Sacrifice."
- May 5, Tues. Mr. Franks and his dog, Buddy, give us a lecture about the wonderful work being done by "The Seeing Eye."
- May 9, Sat. May Day. First, the Drill and the Tournament in the meadow. Later, we caper about in strange costumes with gay abandon in front of Bunny and the May Court. Bunny makes a perfect queen. And then the Dance with its usual excitement.
- May 31, Sun. Final meeting of the Service League with election of new officers.
- June 2, Tues. Final exams begin with the usual groans.
- June 6, Sat. The Horse Show proves very exciting. There is the usual last minute rush for points before the Athletic Banquet.
- June 7, Sun. The Seniors in caps and gowns march into church to hear the Baccalaureate sermon preached by Bishop Edwin Penick of North Carolina. The new Service League officers are installed at the beautiful candle service in the outdoor chapel. The lantern service is at night.
- June 8, Mon. Class Day. At night the Dramatic Club gives "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," starring Betty Branch, Janet Gregory, and Ann Orr, with an excellent supporting cast, Choate, Prout, Liggett, Williams, DuCharme, and Kneeland.
- June 9, Tues. And at last the long-looked-for and the much-worked-for Commencement—and we are sorry. We listen absorbed to Professor Stringfellow Barr of the University of Pennsylvania deliver the address, we clap enthusiastically when the honors are given, and we wish all the time for the final moment to be delayed when we step out into the "wide, wide world."





MARSHALS



BIRD CLUB

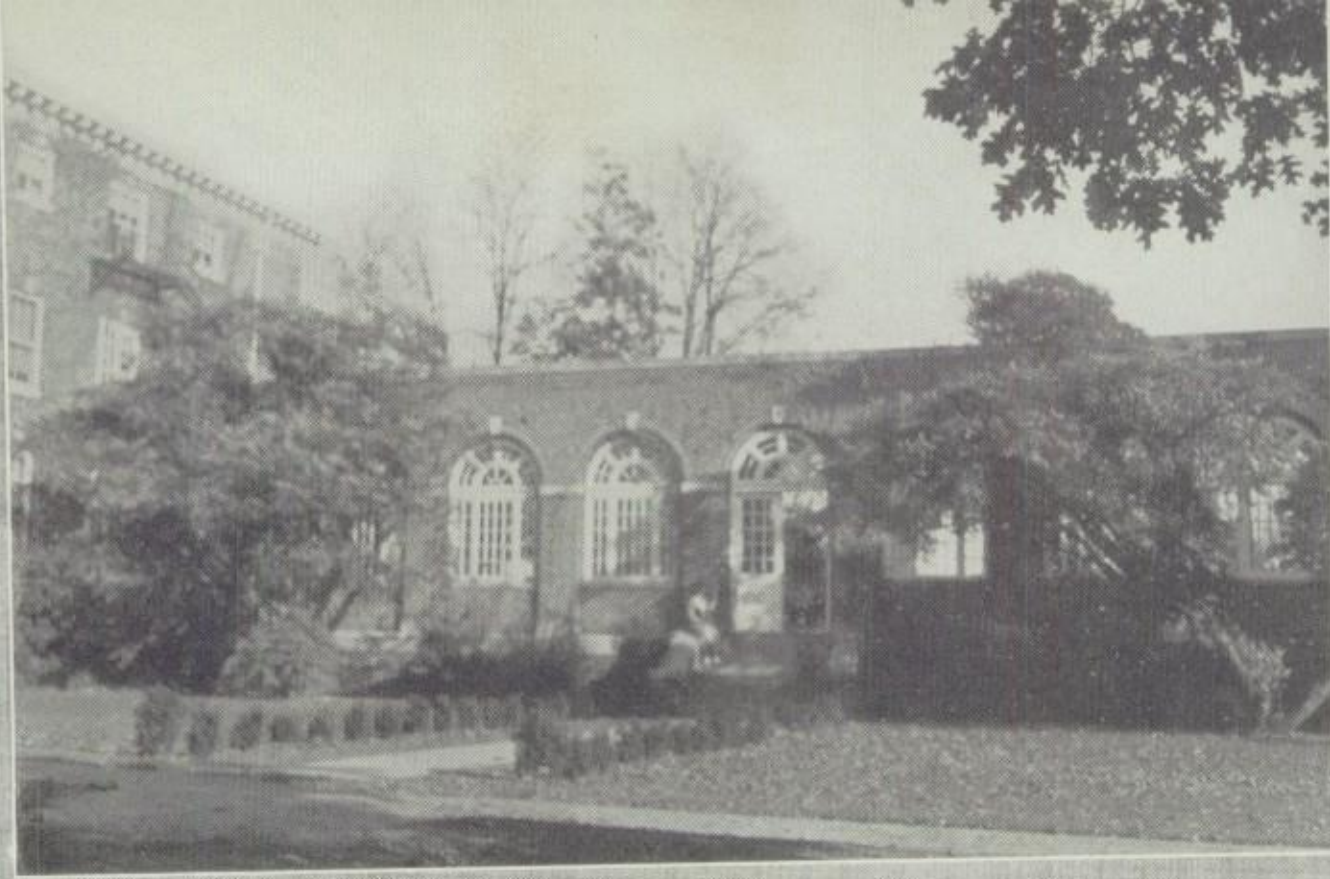


LEADERS of DISCUSSION
GROUPS

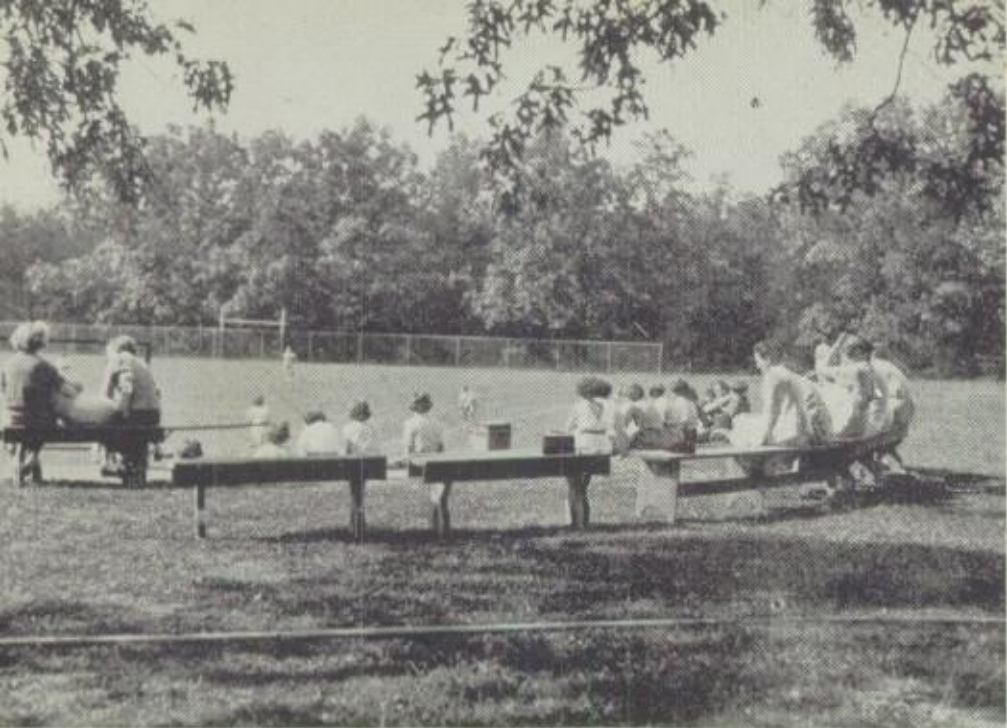


CHATHAM HALL
TWINS





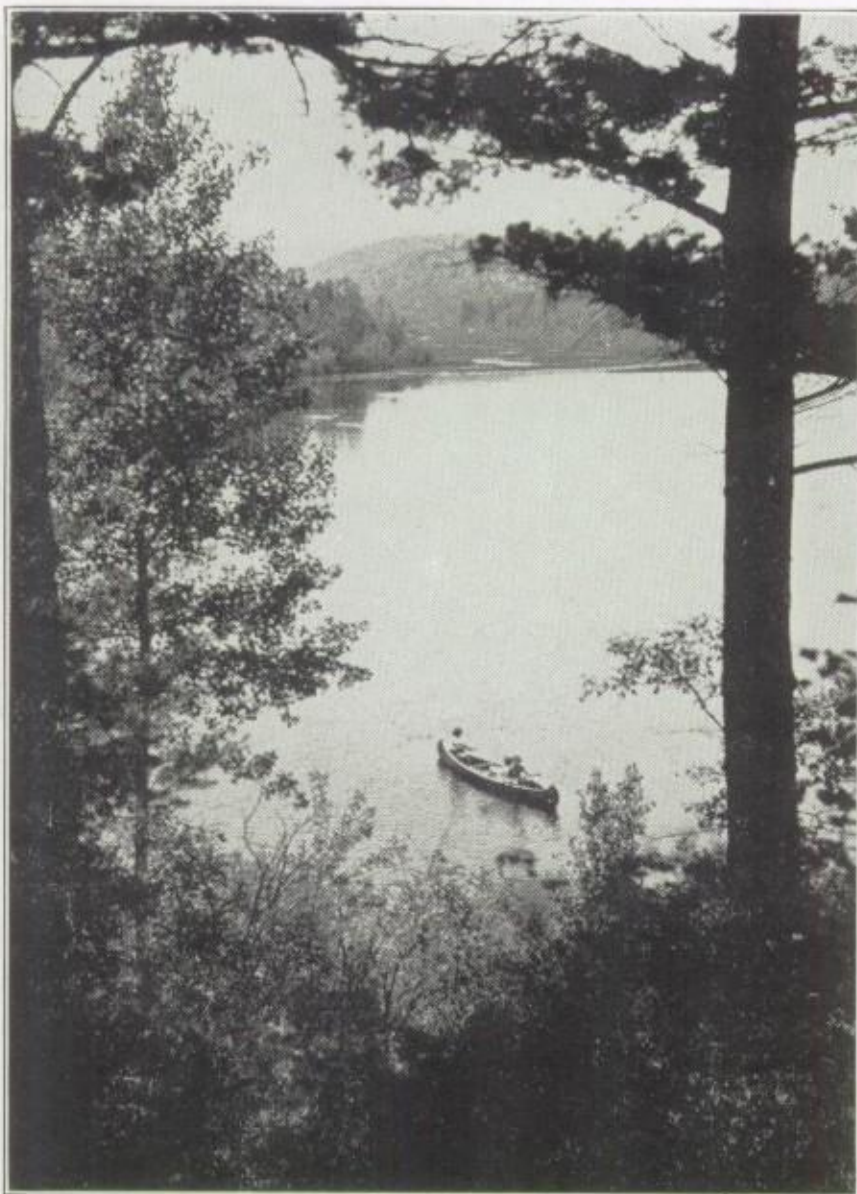






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Golf *Kitty Hobson*

Badminton *Francis Belle*

Archery *Mary Eliza Brown*

Swimming *Julia Graham*

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Captain of Winning Basketball Team *Mary Applegate*

Captain of Winning Baseball Team *Gina Farr*

Team Winning Greatest Number of Athletic Contests *Golds*

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Autographs

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper has a slightly textured appearance and some minor discoloration or faint smudges, particularly towards the top left corner. The lighting is even, and the background is plain.

Hi-Str
Good luck
Love
Chae

